

BLOOD & FIRE
GENERAL
WILLIAM BOOTH



WILLIAM H. NELSON

J. R. Howe





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GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH

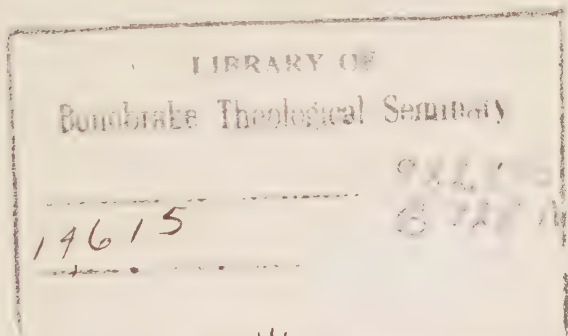


GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER OF THE SALVATION
ARMY, WITH HIS DAUGHTER EVANGELINE, COMMANDER-
IN-CHIEF OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN THE UNITED
STATES SINCE 1904

BLOOD & FIRE:

General William Booth

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON NELSON



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to

COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH

The Greatest Living Representative
in the Salvation Army

of WILLIAM AND CATHERINE BOOTH

May
8th
1929.

Mr. William Hamilton Nelson submitted to the Commander the manuscript on General Booth and it has been read very carefully. The Commander was asked whether she would accept the dedicatory note and she replied in the affirmative feeling that Mr. Nelson's work was yielding a worthwhile contribution.

Yours very sincerely,

W. F. JENKINS
COLONEL
National Secretary.

A WORD BEFORE YOU BEGIN

The author writes this story of the life of William Booth from an inside knowledge of the Salvation Army. As a boy of eighteen he joined the Army in New Orleans, thirty years ago. He was a Salvation Army soldier in New Orleans, went to the Salvation Army Training School in New York City, was made an officer, and served'as such in Ohio, Tennessee, and Alabama. That was in the good old days, when the Army was saluted with eggs and vegetables that had been delayed in transmission. It was a strenuous life; preaching every night in the open air, often in the snow or rain; preaching in underheated halls, and, as far as this world's goods were concerned, with "plenty of nothing but gospel." The work was so strenuous that it was physically impossible to continue in it. The writer retired from active participation, but he has never lost touch with the Army, and the work of William Booth.

The Founder of the Salvation Army, an organization that has influenced the whole world, was generally accepted during his lifetime as one of the great men of the Victorian age. This was not because of his learning, although he was naturally

a bright man, and not because he had been a great success in business. During most of his life he was poor; and yet, though poor, he made many rich. Why then did he attain his eminent position? It was because he had a heart to feel another's woe. When asked the secret of his success he said, "God had all there was of me." Spinoza was called "a God-intoxicated man," but William Booth was a God-possessed and a God-possessing man. Truly God had all there was of him, and in God he lived and and moved and had his being. The world has never seen a more perfect example of consecration to a great cause than that shown by this poor boy from Nottingham. And it is no wonder that a reverent man kneeled before a tablet to the memory of William Booth, in the chapel at Nottingham where Booth was converted, and prayed, "Lord, do it again."

INTRODUCTION

Cecil Rhodes, the dream of whose life was the extension of his country's influence, was master of the greatest modern empire ever drawn together by a single mind.

Brooding in lonely grandeur, on the top of a mighty rock overlooking the plains of Bulawayo, he said to a friend:

"I have built a great empire for my country. But look at William Booth. I only wish that I could believe what that man believes."

Master of men; ruler of a vast domain of veldt, river and coast line, he gloomily admitted that his worldly conquests fell short of his ambitions. To him it would have been more satisfying to have gripped a simple, elemental belief and to have held the devoted love of poverty stricken masses, than to be the ruler of South Africa.

No doubt we often wonder whether the impulses we set in motion are to reach beyond our time.

We all crave remembrance. But it must have called for prophecy for William Booth to foresee that his labors among the poor were to form the inspiration for an Army that should march in triumph into the succeeding century. The inspiration

of The Salvation Army to-day is in its traditions. It made a romance of poverty. It made self sacrifice one of the crowning glories of life.

In the volume which follows, William Booth is the strong militant warrior on behalf of the humble and the friendless. But beside him marches a woman with a great soul. If Catherine Booth had done nothing more than design the simple blue poke-bonnet with its splash of red, she would have done enough to deserve the gratitude of mankind. That simple headgear, adorning the face of the Salvation lassie, is the badge of womanly purity in the remote portions of the world. In every street and byway, in obscure village or amid the thunder of vast cities, it is a badge of the world's charity and kindliness.

In the illuminating pages of the book which follows, the author has taken this great man and his noble wife from their low and humble beginnings to the height from which they could see, in part, the promised land of their hopes. But it is doubtful if their imaginations ever carried them to the limits of reality.

The thunders of a world war attended the birth of The Salvation Army as a world-wide power. On a hundred battlefields, where danger stalked, the meek and humble men and women who practiced the gospel of William Booth became the heroes of the man in khaki.

The despised of the street, who rattled the tambourine and beat the drum in a vain call to prayer,

became the idols of the world's soldiery. No man's life was safe who dared, in the presence of the American doughboy, to flout the name or scoff the worship of the bedraggled little army in blue and red.

As one intimately associated with the civilian work of The Salvation Army since the outbreak of the Great War, I have predicted that its greatness will not depart so long as it remains true to the spirit of humility and service which filled the breast of its Founder. Only when it shall lose that spirit of humility will it begin to falter in its stride.

Its ranks are being replenished by its children.

No finer tribute can be paid to the stalwart faith of fathers and mothers than to say, that amid the temptations of diversified modern life, they have been able to hold their sons and daughters true to the ideals of the brave and stalwart Founder of the Army.

If the pages which follow, written by the sympathetic hand of one who once wore the uniform of the Army, will deepen the respect and increase the love of the people for the work of this devoted band of men and women, it will have served a noble purpose.

JOHN L. McNAB, *Chairman*
Advisory Board of The
Salvation Army,
San Francisco, Calif.

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BLOOD & FIRE:
GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH

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CHAPTER I

GETTING THE PERSPECTIVE

ONE hundred years ago, in the fall of 1829, the first man killed in a railroad accident of which we have any record met his death under unusual circumstances; and the Duke of Wellington was the unwilling cause. This is the way it happened.

In 1825 it was decided to build a railroad between Liverpool and Manchester, a distance of only about thirty miles as the crow flies. It took four years to complete the job—about as long as it took in the sixties to build our trans-continental railroad. One of the greatest difficulties encountered in the construction of the Liverpool-Manchester railroad was that the engineers in that early day found it impossible to get across the stretch of swamp district known as Chat Moss which lay between the two towns. A man named George Stephenson was one of those engaged in building the road. He was a ver-

satire man, this Stephenson. He could both put down rails and build engines to run over them. This young Englishman, born near Newcastle in 1781, who spent his boyhood in a coal mine, for the most part firing a stationary engine, might be said to have had locomotives on the brain. He spent his spare time working on the problem of applying steam to an engine which would run on the colliery tramway and draw coal wagons—and he succeeded. He induced the promoters of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway to offer a prize of £500 for a locomotive which could run ten miles an hour and draw three times its own weight. Four inventors entered their engines in the competition. Stephenson was one of them, and John Ericsson was another. The latter was the man who built the Monitor in 1861 in this country, and revolutionized sea warfare. Stephenson's engine, the Rocket, won, drawing three times its own weight, which was a little over four tons, and attaining a speed of twenty-nine and a half miles an hour. Ericsson's engine, using coke for fuel, ran for some distance at an average of over twenty miles an hour but was unable to go the whole distance because of rain, "which clogged the railways with mud."

In one of the carriages of Stephenson's train was the Duke of Wellington, who was at that time Prime Minister. It was a novelty, of course, and some honor, to be a passenger on a train in those days. Seeing the Iron Duke in the carriage, a former political associate, Huskisson, who had been the year

before a member of his cabinet, but had disagreed with Wellington and resigned, felt that the epoch-making occasion was too good to be disregarded, and stepped up to the carriage to shake hands with Wellington. Leaving him, Huskisson tried to cross the track in front of the locomotive. He missed his footing and fell, and was killed by the quick-starting Rocket.

We are relating this incident to indicate what artists call the proper perspective. We are holding up this first railroad accident as an artist holds before his eyes the handle of his brush and measures distance with his thumb. So many engines have run over the bridges since then, and so many multiplied thousands have been killed on railroads, that this first accident seems like a happening of a distant age—as it is.

On April 10, 1829, six months before this accident, William Booth was born in Nottingham, England. His father Samuel Booth was an unsuccessful business man, who had failed in the contracting business, and who had come to Nottingham to embark in lace-making, which was then taking on new life, because of the introduction of steam machinery in textile making. The negroes in the South in the antebellum days divided the white race into two classes: "quality folks, and pore white trash." Samuel Booth would come under the first category; he was quality folks. Whether he was related to the fifty-first or the fifty-third Episcopal Archbishop of Nottingham, as many try to make out, or not, makes no difference.

As far as William Booth is concerned, we do not have to worry about helping him with mitered forebears. Like Napoleon, he was big enough to be his own ancestor. Samuel Booth was the type of man who, though thrown for a loss by Dame Fortune, could hold up his head and ask no favors. When he failed in his native town of Belper as a contractor, he refused to stay to be patronized by the people who knew him. Samuel Booth felt that he could make a lot of money in lace-making, and so he went to Nottingham, one of the manufacturing centers of northern England, to take a fresh grip, make a new start, and arrange his life differently. He moved his family to a second-class house in a blind street in Nottingham, right on the edge of the factory district. The clack of the knitting machines could be heard at any hour of the day from the back windows of the Booth home.

Before coming to Nottingham, Samuel Booth married Mary Moss, his second wife, who was sixteen years his junior. She was the daughter of a well-to-do Derbyshire farmer, and quite handsome, and showed a strain of Jewish blood in her strong features, especially in her piercing black eyes, and in her beautiful raven hair. Five children were born to them: the first a boy, Henry, who died in his third year; the second a daughter, Ann; the third, William, the subject of this sketch; the fourth Emma, who lived forty years, most of the time an invalid, and who died unmarried; and the fifth, Mary, who married, and who lived to the age of sixty-nine.

William Booth was born, on April 10, 1829, when his father was fifty-four years old, and his mother thirty-eight.

Samuel Booth struggled hard to make ends meet. His son says he went into several enterprises with the hope of making money, such as organizing militias in the large towns, shipping crockery to Holland, and on one occasion taking the family from Nottingham to Bleasby to try his hand at "fancy farming." He would have made a good book-keeper, as his capacity for mental arithmetic was highly developed. He is described as a tall, fine-looking man, who wore a cut-away coat and knee breeches.

Samuel Booth was not very religious, but he wanted his children to go to church. Two days after William was born, he was baptized in the Established Church at Nottingham, which his parents adhered to but never attended. Samuel Booth was careful about some things, and he perhaps regarded the baptism of the youngster as celestial insurance, believing undoubtedly in baptismal regeneration.

It is hard for us to picture William Booth in a home where the head of the house was so religiously blind. Evidently the home was not a very happy one, although there was no friction. Samuel Booth was a high-strung, sensitive man, who was crushed by his failures and his poverty. William Booth was the type of boy who made filial duty a religion. He saw the weak points in his father's character, but yet he was an obedient son. However, his mother

was his heroine, and he loved her with a passionate love which never lost its intensity. He admired her loyalty to her husband. Soon after the Booth family came to Nottingham, a business slump added to the economic burdens occasioned by the father's unwise decisions. A large portion of the poorer classes in the town was reduced to poverty by the financial panic. Mr. Booth endorsed the note of a friend, and as a result the little home he had purchased was lost and every bit of his property was swept away. Yet, in the midst of the falling financial ruins of the family, Mrs. Booth never wavered for an instant. Looking back on that time her son writes :

The brave way in which my mother stood by his side during that dark and sorrowful season is indelibly written on my memory. She shared his every anxiety, advised him in all his business perplexities, and upheld his spirit as crash followed crash, and one piece of property after another went overboard. Years of heavy affliction followed, during which she was his tender, untiring nurse, comforting and upholding his spirit unto death ; and then she stood out all alone to fight the battles of his children amidst the wreck of his fortunes.

Those days were gloomy indeed ; and the wonder now in looking back upon them is that she survived them. It would have seemed a perfectly natural thing if she had died of a broken heart, and been borne away to lie in my father's grave.

But she had reasons for living. Her children bound her to earth, and for our sakes she toiled on with unswerving devotion and unintermitting care. After a time the waters found a smoother channel, so far as this world's troubles were concerned, and her days were ended, in her eighty-fifth year, in comparative peace.

William Booth was strictly, some persons would

say severely, orthodox all his life. He believed in all that John Wesley believed in, and a great deal more. In respect to the doctrine of total depravity, he was a disciple of Augustine; and yet he said, writing in 1893, that while he was brought up on this doctrine of total depravity, and believed it even as a child, he excepted his patient, self-sacrificing mother. He ever obeyed her wishes. She was a typical mother, the kind that sacrifices, forgets herself, and lives for her children. To remove misery, he said, was her delight. She bore the sufferings of others. She was touched by their infirmities; her heart was full of compassion for the afflicted. No wonder the son of such a mother could take as his motto in life, "Others."

People who knew William Booth when he was quite young say that he was a real boy; exceptionally bright, full of life, a little headstrong, and a leader. He was tall and had long, black hair inclined to curl. His most prominent feature was his highly aquiline nose, which revealed the strain of Semitic blood. In those days such a nose was called the "Wellington," after that of the Iron Duke. Most of William's playmates called him Billy; but a cousin, an old cobbler in Nottingham, called him Willy, and his father, the only one who enjoyed the distinction, called him Bill. Later in life, whenever he thought of Nottingham and his boyhood, William recalled the green fields and meadows in which he had reveled. He remembered the River Trent, and how he

used to get up at five o'clock in the morning in the summer to fish—though he rarely caught anything. It is hard to understand how such a nervous, high-strung boy could have the patience to fish. He naïvely related in his later years that all of this fishing took place “before my conversion.” After that he used to wander up and down the banks with a book in his hands, reading Young’s “Night Thoughts,” or Henry Kirk White’s “Poems.”

In spite of his struggle with poverty, Samuel Booth had the future of his children at heart. He sent his daughter Ann to a select school for young ladies in Nottingham, for the express purpose of making her a lady; and he sent William to an academy there, with the avowed intention of making him a young gentleman. We need not be surprised that a boy of William’s temperament received no inspiration from his school. It never made the slightest appeal to him. Realizing that his end was near, and feeling that he ought to make some provision for his family, Samuel took William out of the academy and apprenticed him to a pawnbroker. William was the only son and in that day girls were not bread-winners. The iron of economic failure had entered the father’s soul, and the thought of his family being plunged into poverty haunted him. He decided that the quickest and easiest way for his boy to make money was to become an apprentice in a pawnshop. In the following entry from William’s journal it is noticeable that the boy did not allude to his being “bound out” to a pawn-

broker. That was a touchy point with him all his life. He hated the pawnbroking business, naturally enough, because his consuming passion in life was to do something for other people, and not to "do" them.

Before my father's death I had been apprenticed by his wish. I was very young, only thirteen years of age, but he could not afford to keep me longer in school, and so out into the world I must go. This event was followed by the formation of companionships whose influence was anything but beneficial. I went down hill morally, and the consequences might have been serious if not eternally disastrous but that the hand of God was laid on me in a very remarkable manner.

I had scarcely any income as an apprentice, and was so hard up when my father died that I could do next to nothing to assist my dear mother and sisters, which was the cause of no little humiliation and grief.

The system of apprenticeship in those days generally bound a lad for six or seven years. During this time he received little or no wages, and was required to slave from early morning to late evening upon the supposition that he was "being taught" the business, which, if he had a good master, was probably true. It was a severe but useful time of learning. My master was a Unitarian—that is, he did not believe that Christ was the Son of God and the Saviour of the world, but only the best of teachers; yet so little had he learned of Him that his heaven consisted in making money, strutting about with his gay wife, and regaling himself with worldly amusements.

In September, 1842, Samuel Booth, sick unto death and feeling the end near, was ready for spiritual advice. Previously he had had little interest in religion. He had probably felt that all of his time was taken up in trying to make a living. He was visited

on his death-bed by Cousin Gregory, who was a member of the Wesleyan Church in Nottingham. John Wesley, who had been dead only forty years at this time, had visited Nottingham in his lifetime, but the Wesleyan Church there had all too quickly lapsed into coldness, and there were not many fervent souls in 1842 who in their zeal would visit the dying and administer to them spiritual consolation. Cousin Gregory was one of the few, and he was a skilful physician of souls. He preached Jesus Christ crucified to Samuel Booth, and the dying man accepted Gregory's Lord as his Saviour. Samuel professed a great peace, and asked for the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which was administered to him. With his family and friends standing about his bed singing a consoling hymn, he passed into another world.

At the time of his father's death, William Booth was attending the Established Church in Nottingham. It is not to be wondered at, that he was not *en rapport* with the services conducted there. This remarkable boy had always a warmth of soul that an icily regular, splendidly null, though chaste beauty, could not appeal to. Some people might call him a born radical, spiritually and socially.

The rector of the Established Church in Nottingham has been described as "a tall, dark, slim-visaged, ruminative man, who jerked his head as he walked, and moved about his parish chin to breast, lost in remote reflection." William Booth, years afterward, painted his picture verbally, saying that

indeed he was a good man, but his rueful countenance and icy manner seemed to mean, "Do as I advise, or not; be what the prayers have asked that you might be, or not; do what the Scriptures have said, or not. It doesn't matter very much whether or not you comply with these requirements." That, he said, was his boyish impression; and, by the way, there are too many men and women even to-day supposed to be leaders who are saying, "Do this, or don't."

CHAPTER II

THE BLACK BEAST OF POVERTY

WILLIAM T. STEAD, celebrated London editor, who knew intimately William Booth, his early history, and the history of his time, says, "He was raised in an atmosphere of unrest, in a hotbed of quasi-revolutionary discontent." Stead did not go into details, for, as an Englishman writing for Englishmen, he knew that his readers understood these times so well that specifications were not necessary. It is impossible to understand William Booth without a knowledge of this "atmosphere of unrest," which clothed him like a garment from his cradle to his young manhood. The economic, social, and moral conditions which affected him as a boy, when he walked the streets of Nottingham and had his heart torn by the cries of famished children, burned like a branding-iron in his brain. He never forgot. Sin and poverty were the black beasts against which he waged war all his life, and the sincerity of his great heart is revealed on his death-bed, at the age of eighty-three, by his last words to his son, Bramwell, concerning the poverty visited on little children. His parting admonition was, "Bramwell, look

after the little children. . . . If you don't, I'll come back and haunt you."

It was poverty that made this "atmosphere of unrest," and caused this "quasi-revolutionary discontent" to burst into flames. Poverty, dark, terrible, grinding poverty; so long had it held England by the throat that we do not wonder at Carlyle's saying that the hell feared by every Englishman was the hell of poverty. So acute was that hell that even the throne was at last compelled to recognize it.

In 1601, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the first effective Poor Law was passed. This law required every parish to make provision for such paupers as were unable to work. It continues in force unto this day, and it is needed; but bad as the conditions are to-day, they are not to be compared with those which obtained before William Booth came into the world.

It rained all night on Saturday, June 17, 1815, at a place called Waterloo, a village in central Belgium. In the rye fields south of the village, there were tens of thousands of men bivouacked, and many more were expected to pass through that day. On the next day, Sunday, an Englishman named Wellington defeated a Frenchman named Napoleon, and England started in on a season of rejoicing. And then the heads of the tight little island settled down to see how they stood at the bank; and they were considerably in the red, despite the glory of their red coats.

Now we are talking about poverty, and the terrible impress it made on the life of William Booth. When the people of England had taken inventory after the Battle of Waterloo, they found the major cause of their poverty was WAR. For three hundred years England had been most of the time at war, and the nation had expended so much money in fighting that after the Battle of Waterloo there was a national debt of £900,000,000 or about \$4,500,000,000, bearing a yearly interest of more than \$160,000,000. No wonder the pressure was so great that it broke the back of business. Even the powerful Bank of England suspended payment, and all over the country there was an epidemic of bankruptcy. Of course, a government has to fund its debts, and has to get money to run on. What is the natural process? Who pays for wars? The King? his cabinet? the generals who make war? It is the people who pay; and so a few years after Waterloo the people of England were taxed to the limit. Taxes continued to increase until the people were crushed beneath the load. The government began by taxing the cradle of the baby, and it ended by taxing his coffin and his grave. Writing in 1821, Sydney Smith said that "The dying Englishman, pouring his taxed medicine into a taxed spoon, flung himself back on a taxed bed, and died in the arms of an apothecary, who had paid a tax of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death."

The author of "The Extraordinary Black Book," published in London in 1831, speaking of the de-

moralizing effect of war on the morals and purses of the people, goes on to say:

Can we wonder, after the tremendous sacrifice in pursuit of this unrighteous object, at the terrible calamities with which the country is afflicted? More than one hundred millions expended in an abortive attempt to enslave the American colonies; more than one thousand millions expended to re-establish feudal and ecclesiastical tyranny in France. This forms the financial history of the public debt and taxes—of the eleven hundred million expended in the wars of despotism. And what has been the result of this lavish waste of national resources? The answer is—the regeneration of Europe—and the complete—the full—the glorious establishment of those very principles the English aristocracy vainly sought to exterminate.

When we look back to the history of the last century—the wars of madness, ambition and tyranny which have been waged; when we reflect on the millions expended in these wars—the fruits of unexampled industry, skill and enterprise; when we think of our present situation—the piercing privations of the bulk of the community—the discontent and disunion among all classes—the abuses prevading every department of our social and general administration—Ireland on the point of rebellion and separation;—when we think, we repeat, on these things, and contrast them with the situation of glory and happiness England might have attained under a wise and honest government, administering her exhaustless resources in the promotion of the arts and peace, instead of slaughter, bondage, and devastation, we feel no less indignant at the wickedness of our rulers than at the apathy which has so long tolerated their folly and their crimes.

It is significant that the Poor Rates rose enormously from 1801 to 1832. For instance, in one parish the rate in 1801 was £11, and in 1832, £367.

The people who kept off the "dole" had a hard time maintaining themselves. War had completely demoralized the whole country. It was thought at first that with the application of steam to machinery, which benefited the north of England most, much would be done to abolish poverty. Up to that time the north, including Nottingham, where William Booth was born, was the poorest part of England. The scanty population was composed of ignorant, backward, and shiftless people. It was revolutionary soil. The people were always "agin the government": in the time of Henry VIII, they had fought for the monasteries; in Elizabeth's time, they had fought against Protestantism; in the time of George I, they had sided with the Pretender. When steam-driven machinery was first introduced into the textile industry in the south, the poor laborers revolted. They saw themselves being supplanted by machines, "monsters of iron and fire." The consequence was that in many places they organized mobs which broke into the factories and destroyed these new machines. Riots were frequent in 1811. Of course, the north of England, being sparsely settled, never having been a manufacturing center, was virgin soil; there was no prejudice or labor problem there. Besides it was a coal mining region, and that is always an advantage to manufacturers. Soon Manchester, Sheffield, Liverpool, Leeds, and Nottingham took on new life and assumed the proportions of great cities. We are told that at this time London parishes sent off with alarming frequency

wagon-loads of orphan children to the cotton mills in the north, in order to be freed from the necessity of maintaining them. These unfortunate children, from six to sixteen years old, were compelled to work fifteen and sixteen hours a day. Of course, grown-up men and women with families could not compete in the matter of wages with these children, and the result was they were thrown out of work, and their children were sent out on the streets to beg.

“Atmosphere of unrest, and a hotbed of quasi-revolutionary discontent!” The French Revolution was not so very far away but that it could furnish a horrible example. We have to marvel at the powerful self-restraint exhibited by the poor people in England. It is a wonder they did not take the King and the princes out for an airing in London, and dance the Carmagnole on their necks. A short while before this our forefathers in this country braved the “rounder of the six-pounder hurling death,” and threw a lot of tea into the water of Boston harbor, even though the water was cold, on the plea that taxation without representation was tyranny. But after we gained our independence on that platform, in England, as late as 1831 for instance, of the 203 Parliamentary boroughs no less than 115 were in ten maritime counties between the Wash, which separates Norfolk from Lincoln County, and the Severn, bounded on the west by Wilts. In other words, the large counties to the north—Northumberland, Cumberland, York, Lancashire, Shrop-

shire, Nottingham, and others—forming in territory possibly three fourths of the country—had less representation in Parliament than the small counties around the Channel. Such towns as Old Sarum, Newtown on the Isle of Wight, Gatton, and Brackley, returned two members apiece, while Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, and Halifax—large, growing cities—returned none. If Gilbert and Sullivan had been living in those days, they might have been accused of having devised the system of representation, for it was not without certain features which are appropriate to comic opera. For instance, Old Sarum in Wiltshire had once been quite a town, but when some enterprising citizens built New Sarum (or Salisbury), the old town died of dry rot. Yet, in 1830, the man who owned the hill upon which the cathedral and castle stood sent two members to Parliament by his one vote. Gatton was only a ruined wall, but the man who owned the wall sent two members; while Bath, Birmingham, Manchester, and Nottingham were totally unrepresented. In the whole of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, there were only 160,000 electors, and the basis of representation was interesting from the standpoint of a humorist. In one section, no one could vote except substantial property holders; in another, none but town officials, such as mayors or aldermen; while in another, every “pot-walloper,” that is, every man who had a tenement big enough to boil a pot in, could vote. In general, it was the large landowners, a handful of lords and dukes,

who sent men to Parliament. Sydney Smith said, in 1821, "The country belongs to the Duke of Rutland, Lord Lonsdale, and about twenty other holders of boroughs; they are our masters." It is said that the Duke of York, who should be mentioned in this list, "owned" eleven members, Lord Lonsdale owned nine, and the Duke of Rutland probably owned as many as York and Lonsdale together. Some one estimates that 300 members were returned by 160 persons. Two thirds of the members of the house were returned by rich men.

The Reform Act of 1832, which remedied the suffrage situation in the rotten boroughs, was a benefit to the middle classes, when it finally came out of the Parliamentary hopper. There was a farm problem in that day, just as there is now, and while those in power sought to help the farm situation by the passage of what were called Corn Laws—corn, of course, meaning wheat, rye, and barley—they created still another problem. The farmer was to be helped by a heavy tariff on imported corn. A succession of bad seasons at this time caused the price of wheat to go from thirty-nine shillings a quarter to a little over seventy shillings in 1839.

While prices were high, wages were low. For instance, bread was a shilling and two pence a quarter-loaf; tea went up to eight shillings a pound; farm laborers, that is, hired hands, received from nine to ten shillings a week; masons, bricklayers, and carpenters got eighteen shillings for a week of sixty-four hours. With wages as low as they

were, one out of every ten persons was a pauper. And this was a social condition which no law had attempted to reach. In Manchester 9,000 people had a weekly income of under fifteen pence, and it is said that in this city one tenth of the population lived in cellars. These cellars were dark and usually filled with a horrible stench; often a large family lived in one room, the children lying on the "wet brick floor, through which the stagnant moisture oozed up." History tells us that in one parish in Dorset thirty-six persons dwelt, on an average, in each house. In one case, common enough, father and mother with a married daughter and her husband, a baby, and a boy of sixteen all slept in one room. In Leeds there were 20,000 people whose average earnings were under a shilling a week. In some of the large cities one fifth of the entire population was in receipt of poor relief. This was true in such towns as Manchester, Birmingham, and others. No wonder the problem of poverty was being burned into the brain of William Booth as with a brand.

Naturally, remedies were being proposed. Richard Cobden, John Bright, and Charles Villiers were agitating night and day for the abolition of the Corn Laws. They wanted the duties on grain taken off. In the Corn Laws agitation one gets an insight into the hearts of these wonderful people, who suffered long, and yet tried to be kind to the throne and those in authority. The only thing that saved England from a French Revolution was the deep feeling of religious faith which had come as a herit-

age to the nation from the preaching of John Wesley some time before. In spite of all their suffering, multiplied thousands were making their appeal, not to an earthly ruler, but to a heavenly one, singing the new national anthem written by Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-Laws Rhymers, and crying from their starved bodies and their broken hearts:

When wilt Thou save the people,
 O God of Mercy, when?
 Not Kings and Lords, but nations!
 Not thrones and crowns, but men!
 Flowers of Thy heart, O God art they;
 Let them not pass like weeds, away!
 Their heritage a sunless day,
 God save the people!

There was another movement at this time which sought to battle with the curse of poverty, and it took captive the imagination of William Booth, who was then a youth of thirteen. Young, eager, mentally beyond his years, he threw himself heartily into the cause of Chartism. We are told that a little while before this, right there in Nottingham, there had been an uprising of the poor, who burned the castle of the Duke of Nottingham. And following hard on the heels of this, Feargus O'Connor, a silver-tongued, fire-eating orator, who was a candidate for Parliament, came down to Nottingham and preached to thousands the gospel of Chartism, elaborating on its six points: universal male suffrage; the voting at elections by ballot; annual Parliaments; the payment of members of Parliament;

the abolition of property qualification for parliamentary candidates; and the division of the whole country into equal electoral districts. The Chartists held public meetings, made long speeches, organized clubs, and published newspapers. William Booth was a red-hot Chartist, saying with a great deal of passion and fervor, "The Chartists are for the poor; therefore I am a Chartist."

These movements, all of them connected with the problem of poverty, were the background of William Booth's youth, and were the forces which impelled him to be "the prophet of the poor."

This boy who joined the Chartists was soon to leave them for a better way to help the poor; and in his lifetime he did more to help the poverty stricken in England, and in all the world, for that matter, than any other man of his time. We are well within the truth when we say that no man ever lived who did more.

CHAPTER III

"GOING IN FOR GOD"

THIS matter of Chartism," said Carlyle, "is weighty, deep-rooted, far-extending; did not begin yesterday, will by no means end this day or tomorrow. Chartism means the bitter discontent grown fierce and mad, the wrong condition, therefore, or the wrong disposition of the working classes of England." Of course, Carlyle, with his "superman's" theories, could not be expected to sympathize very deeply with the working classes. It was more than "wrong disposition" on their part. He failed to see that the Chartist movement was merely an outbreak of evidence that something was wrong with the body politic, just as an abscess shows an inward infection. The Chartist movement was the outward and visible sign of an inward mass of accumulated discontent radiating from three focal points: social, economic, and political. Writing of this period, and showing the incapacity of the ruling classes, and their criminal, almost fatal indifference toward the poor—their public acts proving that they neither understood nor cared for those whose destiny was in their hands—

Carlyle compared the two classes to "two nations, between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy, who are as ignorant of each other's thoughts, habits, and feelings as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets."

William Booth's shrewd judgment of men was a cause of wonderment to all who knew him in his later years. In "A Christmas Carol," Dickens says that Scrooge saw through the ghost of Marley, even to the buttons on the back of his coat. William Booth could see through a man just that way. It is related that when the Salvation Army was well started, a preacher whom none of the other Churches wanted came to the Founder for employment.

"What about your support?" Booth asked this applicant in his straightforward way.

"I always trust God for my support," said the applicant, piously.

"But how far do you trust me?" asked Booth, knowing that the man would be around for money in a little while.

William Booth, even as a boy of thirteen, had keen insight. He had, also, to a highly developed degree the Englishman's respect for authority. He was in deep sympathy with Chartism, and at first was all enthusiasm, but it is probable that he soon began to see through some of the leaders of the movement, the men who were to bring it into disrepute for a season.

It will be recalled that in 1848 the French Revo-

lution acted as a transfusion of blood on the waning Chartist movement in England. Feargus O'Connor and his assistants took heart and began again a monster agitation. They planned to get up a petition with 5,000,000 names, and a Coxey's army of a million men to accompany the petition to Parliament. Of course the whole nation was thrown into a high fever. The government declared the contemplated demonstration illegal, on the ground that it was unlawful for a crowd to present petitions or in anywise attempt to coerce legislation. The Duke of Wellington, who headed the army, posted soldiers on the Middlesex side of the bridge to keep the Chartists from crossing over to the Houses of Parliament. The government called for a quarter of a million special constables to cope with the Chartists. It looked like trouble; but although a million persons were expected to march across the bridge as an escort for the cart which was to carry the voluminous petition, less than 30,000 met, and William Booth was not among them. Only a handful of men was allowed to go across with the petition to the House of Commons. Instead of a million names, there were less than 200,000 bona fide signatures. Many of the names on the petition were copied from gravestones and old city directories. Not a few persons signed the petition in fun. Some of these signed as "The Duke of Wellington"; others, as "Prince Albert"; while others subscribed themselves as "Pug-nose," "Wooden Legs," "Bread and Cheese," and so on. With the end of this *opéra bouffé* came

the collapse of Chartism as a distinct movement. The nation echoed with "inextinguishable laughter" at this tremendous threat of civil war which turned into a comedy. Like Populism in America which died the death of all third parties, Chartism died; and yet, like Populism, all of its demands were finally met: printed ballots, manhood suffrage, and the abolition of property qualifications for a candidate for Parliament. The object of the movement was good, but the leadership was bad.

After the death of the father, Booth's family was completely ruined financially. It was necessary for Mrs. Booth to leave the little home in the manufacturing district, and seek quarters in the poorest part of town. She established what was called a "small ware" shop, where she sold toys, needles, and thread, and small quantities of dry goods. This shop, which occupied the front room of their home, was in Goose Gate, across the road from a slaughter house. William remained in the pawnbroker's shop, but, like all apprentices, he received very little money. His reward consisted in being "taught" a trade.

William Booth's first religious impression came to him when he was about fourteen years of age. His Cousin Gregory, the Wesleyan shoemaker, who lived a separate and spiritual life, said to him, "Willie Booth, do you know that religion is something that comes to you from outside of you?" William never forgot this. Later, a lady and gentleman, passing him as he played in the street, spoke

to him. They told him of their interest in him because of his resemblance to their own son whom they had lost by death. They invited him to attend the Wesleyan Sunday School. This was his introduction to the Church of John Wesley. Begbie says that, in his journal written at this early period, William stated that he got nothing but impressions from the services in the Wesley Chapel. However, he mentions the name of Isaac Marsden, who conducted special services in the Wesleyan Church at Nottingham, and Begbie thinks that Isaac Marsden's influence led William Booth to conversion. Marsden was a very eccentric preacher. He was the type of man who sows beside all waters, and he was always praying for people, even out on the streets, trying to lead them to Christ. However, William Booth himself, writing of this period, says:

When as a giddy youth of fifteen I was led to attend the Wesley Chapel, Nottingham, I cannot recollect that any individual pressed me in the direction of personal surrender to God. I was wrought upon quite independently of human effort by the Holy Ghost, who created within me a great thirst for a new life.

I felt that I wanted, in place of the life of self-indulgence to which I was yielding myself, a happy, conscious sense that I was pleasing God, living right, and spending all of my powers to get others into such a life. I saw that all this ought to be, and I decided that it should be. It is wonderful that I should have reached this decision in view of the influence then surrounding me. My professedly Christian master never uttered a word to indicate that he believed in anything he could not see, and many of my companions

were worldly and sensual, some of them even vicious.

Yet I had that instinctive belief in God which, in common with my fellow-creatures, I had brought into the world with me. I had no disposition to deny my instincts, which told me that if there was a God His laws ought to have my obedience and His interests my service.

I felt it was better to live right than to live wrong, and as to caring for the interests of others instead of my own, the condition of the suffering people around me, people with whom I had been so long familiar, and whose agony seemed to reach its climax about this time, undoubtedly affected me very deeply.

He tells us in his journal that in his anxiety at this time to get into the right way of living he attended the Sunday School and the class meeting. He did everything in his power to get close to God. He says the inward light revealed that he must not only renounce everything he knew to be sinful, but that he must make restitution for any wrong he had done others.

A cardinal doctrine of the Salvation Army is "Restitution." It is as much a part of the experience of conversion as faith and repentance, and of course it ought to be. Evangelists may, and sometimes do, fail to emphasize this in their sermons, but the Army never does. So strenuously is this preached that I have known men stricken to the heart with conviction to go up to the penitent form and from there to the penitentiary, simply because they could hold nothing back, and had to tell of all their crimes. It is a cardinal doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church that in order to make an effective confes-

sion a man must make a full one; the smallest sin must not be omitted. What the confessor relates goes into the ear of the priest, who determines what shall be done to atone. There may be cases where advice is given to settle the matter of certain sins in a convenient manner; but it is never that way in the Army. For instance, if a man seeking conversion reveals the fact that he has at any time stolen money, he is obliged to go to the person from whom he stole it, in company with a Salvationist, and not only confess his crime but make full restitution. In some cases the offense may be forgiven by the man wronged, and the penitent goes on his happy way to preach the message of salvation on the streets. In other cases he may go to the penitentiary, to preach the message of salvation there; but in any case, he goes on his way rejoicing. William Booth got his doctrine of Restitution from the story of Zaccheus in the New Testament, and from the teaching and spirit of that wonderful book. It entered largely into his life and experience when he was "a giddy youth of fifteen," although it is hard to believe that he was ever giddy. After deciding to "go in for God," there was one thing in the way. Booth said that an inner light made it plain to him that he must make restitution for any wrong he had done others; so the entrance to the kingdom was blocked against him by what some would regard as a very trivial and childish affair, but which, after all, had far-reaching consequences. We will let him tell it in his own words.

In a boyish trading affair I had managed to make a profit out of my companions, whilst giving them to suppose that what I did was all in the way of generous fellowship. As a testimonial to their gratitude they had given me a silver pencil-case. Merely to return their gift would have been comparatively easy, but to confess the deceptions I had practiced upon them was a humiliation to which for some days I could not bring myself.

I remember as if it were yesterday the spot in the corner of the room under the chapel, the hour, the resolution to end the matter, and the rising up and rushing forth, the finding of the young fellow I had chiefly wronged, the acknowledgment of my sin, the return of the pencil-case, the instant rolling away from my heart of the guilty burden, the peace that came in its place, and the going forth to serve my God and my generation from that hour.

The Brahmins and Pundits of religion will laugh at this boy, but when William Booth did a thing he did it thoroughly. There was nothing half-hearted about it. When he renounced the world it was a complete renunciation. Too much of our Christianity is a half-and-half affair; as was said of the old negroes in the South, we have one eye on the ash pile and the other up the smoke-stack. It is not only hard for a double-minded man to be religious, but it is almost impossible for him to be happy and useful in the kingdom of God. It takes the out-and-out man to accomplish things.

In another respect this boy's own experience set an example for the Army. Even to this day, after fifty years, a Salvationist is put to work as soon as he is converted. It does not make any difference if the convert is uneducated, even illiterate; he is

put to work telling the story of salvation. A Salvation Army friend tells the story of a fisherman in Penzance—where the pirates came from—who was converted. He had no more book learning than the fishermen who were converted on the Lake of Galilee, 1900 years before, but who set out to follow the Master and teach the world, even though they were "ignorant and unlearned men." This fisherman was preaching one night in the Army Hall, and was using the parable of the pounds as his subject. When he came to the words, "Lord, I feared thee because thou art an austere man," he read the word "austere" as "oyster." He went on to speak of the hard life lived by an oysterman and, being a fisherman, he went into details concerning the life of oystermen, picturing them as getting up very early in the morning, setting out in their boats in the cold and fog, braving the angry billows, going out to the oyster beds, and grappling for the precious bivalves. He told how hard and uncomfortable the work was; how the oystermen became wet and dirty, with their hands cut and bleeding, all to win some oysters. At the conclusion of his "sermon," twelve seekers came to the penitent form, and were prayed through by this illiterate fisherman. As the old man was leaving the building, one of his audience said to him, "My brother, you spoke of an oysterman; the word is 'austere.'" "Oh, well," said the old fisherman, "we got a dozen oysters anyway."

Soon after his conversion William Booth naturally gravitated to the open air, and with some

companions started to preach in the slum district of Nottingham. They used to take a chair into the streets; one would mount it, and then line out a song. The others would chime in. Then Booth would preach a sermon, and invite the listeners to the mission hall, where they would hold another meeting. Imagine this tall, gaunt, sharp-faced boy with a nose like an eagle and a serious look in his flashing eye, preaching at night out on the streets, and later in a hall; then visiting the sick and dying until midnight, telling the story of salvation. Then returning to work in the pawnshop by seven in the morning, working until noon, and, while he enjoyed his forty minutes for lunch at midday, reading the Bible and Finney's Lectures on Revivals of Religion. If he ever had an idle moment from the time he was fifteen until he was eighty, I have never discovered it. He had the capacity to labor tremendously.

Throughout all his life, William Booth had for John Wesley an affection which was only this side of idolatry. Indeed, the two men had much in common: both Englishmen; both serious-minded; both of them entering the kingdom of heaven after a struggle; both of them poor. John Wesley preached out in the open air, and to the masses. It was the common people who heard him gladly: the colliers and carters and small farmers and shopkeepers. Wesley was deeply concerned with the poor, and he spent a good deal of his time not only preaching to them, but trying to help them in other ways; starting

a poor man's bank, a knitting factory, a medical dispensary. But what Wesley did on a small scale, William Booth did in a large way all over the world.

CHAPTER IV

"NO PLACE TO GET RELIGION"

THE Wesleyan Methodist Church in Nottingham, to which William Booth belonged, represented the sedimentary-deposit stage of Methodism. The elixir was no longer fluid. It no more resembled the fiery medicine administered by John Wesley and his contemporaries than a bread poultice resembles radium. The active principle was gone, and the mixture was as dull, flat, stale, and unprofitable as a campaign promise after election. When such a condition is reached some one is needed to come along with violent agitations and shake up the solution.

This was before the day of the "flivver," but we presume the good, staid, sober, and somber members of the Wesleyan Church, had they enjoyed the pleasure of using Mr. Ford's product, would have traveled constantly in low gear—or even in reverse. These solid citizens were ever reminding William Booth not to go too fast; giving him plenty of caution, but no encouragement. Here was a reversion to type. When John Wesley went like a flaming torch through the whole of England, the favorite text of the Established clergy was, "Let your moderation be known unto all men."

One Sunday Booth led a crowd of young boys from the slums of Nottingham to the church service. It was probably the first time these lads had ever attended church, and perhaps they did not know how to act; but they had all come there for a good purpose. "Gypsy" Smith tells the story of some officials in an English Methodist Church who objected to his holding a meeting in the church on the ground that they had just put down a new carpet, and didn't want it spoiled by the "dirty boots of a lot of strangers." Evidently the Wesleyan Church in Nottingham in that day was no place for a ragamuffin to get religion. William Booth was severely censured for bringing his group of slum boys to the church service. He was told that the next time he wanted to do anything like that he must take them in by the back way, where they could sit under the drippings of the sanctuary and be neither seen nor heard.

Fortunately it takes more than a wet blanket to extinguish the enthusiasm of a boy of sixteen. Young Booth received no encouragement from the Church, and, what was worse, none from his family. His mother was an excellent woman, but broken in spirit on the rack of the world's poverty and disappointment. Perhaps the strain of Jewish blood which she inherited gave her an unconscious antagonism to the Christian religion. Those who knew her said that even in the days of abject poverty she carried herself with the air of a dowager duchess. Perhaps, to one of her aristocratic mind her son's religious

enthusiasm seemed middle-class, or worse. At home the boy had to stand up and fight for what he believed against his sisters Ann and Emma. Emma was an invalid, and undoubtedly nervous and querulous, and cynical. William Booth obeyed the apostolic injunction, and, having done all, then stood fast. It was hard going for a while, and tested him thoroughly. But his was the kind of character which could stand testing; and be it said to the credit of this out and out Christian boy, he finally won against his family.

Oh, for the enthusiasm of youth; for the health and vitality and exuberance of that golden period of life! Thank God for youth and religion. For an age when we serve God with a sweetness of soul, which, like the dew on the rose, is fresh every morning; when our religious emotion is as sweet as a baby's breath, and professionalism and expediency and disillusionment have not yet entered in like the hated Furies with their abhorred shears to split the thin-spun life of religious joy.

Writing in his journal of this early period William Booth says:

One reason for the victory I gained from the moment of my conversion was, no doubt, my complete and immediate separation from the godless world. I turned my back on it; I gave it up, having made up my mind beforehand that if I did go in for God I would do so with all my might. Rather than yearning for the world's pleasures, books, gains, or recreations, I found my new nature leading me away from them all; they had lost all charm for me. What

were novels, even those of Sir Walter Scott or Fenimore Cooper, compared with the story of my Saviour? What were the choicest orators compared with Paul? What was the hope of money-earning, even with all my desire to help my poor mother and sisters, in comparison with the imperishable wealth of ingathered souls? I soon began to despise everything the world had to offer me.

In those days I felt, as I believe many converts do, that I could willingly and joyfully travel to the ends of the earth for Jesus Christ, and suffer anything imaginable to help the souls of other men. Jesus Christ had baptized me, according to His eternal promise, with His spirit and with Fire.

Yet the surroundings of my early life were all in opposition to this whole-hearted devotion. No one at first took me by the hand and urged me forward, or gave me any instruction or hint likely to help me in the difficulties I had at once to encounter in my consecration to this service.

Six hours after William Booth was converted, he was out in the lanes of Nottingham, going from house to house, telling people of his conversion. From the very beginning, he selected those whom others neglected. He went to what might be called the "Whitechapel of Nottingham," Meadow Platts, taking that as his parish, "because my heart then, as now, went out after the poorest of the poor."

The child is the father of the man. It was in a marked degree that way with William Booth. He regarded himself as a preacher from the moment of his conversion. He was raised in the Established Church, like his hero and prophet, John Wesley; and we know that the Established Church ran a perpendicular line, reaching from earth to heaven

and as thick as the Chinese wall, between the clergy and the laity. It cost John Wesley great searchings of soul and severe conflicts to get away from that idea, even in a small measure; but William Booth, while respecting the clergy, made no distinction between one who had nothing else to do but preach, and a saved apprentice-lad who wanted to tell every one what a wonderful Saviour he had. He writes of this early period:

But I had to battle for ten of the best years of my youth against the barriers the Churches set up to prevent this natural following of the Lamb wherever He leads. At that time they all but compelled those who wished to minister to the souls of men to speak in unnatural language and tones, and adopt habits of mind and life which so completely separated them from the crowd as to make them into a sort of princely caste, whom the masses of every clime outwardly revered and inwardly despised. Lad though I was, a group of new converts and other earnest souls soon gathered around me, and greater things seemed to be ahead when a great trial overtook me.

The pastor of the Wesleyan Church in Nottingham at this time was the Rev. Samuel Dunn, who is described as a man of some scholarship, but autocratic, obstinate, and as hard as nails. He was a good man who wanted everything to move in his own way. In addition to being pastor of the church, he was superintendent of the circuit, and appointed local preachers to carry on the work in the outlying districts. On one occasion he wanted a young man to do some village preaching for him, and the janitor of the church, a devoted old man, who be-

lieved in William Booth and sympathized with him and encouraged him, recommended him. Young Booth came before Dr. Dunn, and when that dignitary asked him if he thought he could preach, the boy's enthusiasm came to the surface, and he replied, with a glow of pardonable pride, that he had been preaching for some time. This did not please the autocratic preacher and he asked with a good deal of offended sternness, "By whose authority? Have I given you leave?" It is said that the boy bowed his head at this, and made no answer. From his youth up, Booth was a great stickler for obedience to authority. When he became the head of the Salvation Army, this insistence on obedience to orders galled some of his followers like a cockle burr under a saddle blanket. But William Booth was the type of a man who never asked another to do anything he would not do. When he received orders he obeyed them, and he expected others to do the same thing.

All this time William Booth was working as an apprentice in the pawnshop, and a pawnshop, as we know, is a business that thrives upon poverty: the harder the times and the less business other people do, the better it is for the pawnshop. Saturday night was always the "big time," when men came in early in the evening, after getting paid, to redeem what they had pawned, and came back later at night, after they had spent everything they had, to pawn their valuables over again. Work continued in the pawnshop until the early hours of Sunday, and as

young Booth had a reverential idea of the Sabbath, and a desire to keep the day holy, this presented a problem to him. In a record of that time he says:

For instance, I walked in my young days thousands of miles on the Sabbath, when I could for a trifling sum have ridden at ease, rather than use any compulsory labor of man or beast for the promotion of my comfort. I still think we ought to abstain from all unnecessary work ourselves, and, as far as possible, arrange for everybody about us to have one day's rest in seven.

But, as I was saying, I objected to working at my business on the Sabbath, which I interpreted to mean after twelve o'clock on Saturday night. My relatives and many of my religious friends laughed at my scruples; but I paid no heed to them, and told my master I would not do it, though he replied that if it were so he would discharge me. I told him I was willing to begin on Monday morning as soon as the clock struck twelve, and work until the clock struck twelve on Saturday night, but not one hour nor one minute of Sunday would I work for him for all his money. He kept his word, put me into the street, and I was laughed at by everybody as a sort of fool. But I held out, and within seven days he gave in, and, thinking my scrupulous conscience might serve his turn he told me to come to work again. I did so, and before another fortnight had passed he went off with his young wife to Paris, leaving the responsibilities of the business, involving the income and expenditure of hundreds of pounds weekly, on my young shoulders.

When William Booth was nineteen years of age, Dr. Dunn suggested to him that he become a minister in the Wesleyan Church. There was nothing further from his mind at this time than going into a regular pastorate. He had his mother and his invalid sister Emma to support, and he felt that he

could not do it on the meager salary of a young preacher just starting out. Besides, he felt that to do the regular work of the pastorate as it should be done involved contributing more physical strength than he had; so he pleaded ill health. Dr. Dunn was the type of person who, when he wants a thing done, believes it ought to be jumped at immediately, so he refused to take no for an answer, and sent the boy to a doctor. The doctor confirmed the boy's fears. He said that unless a preacher had the chest of a prizefighter and the constitution of an ox he could not carry in a satisfactory way the highly organized nervous system of this frail boy. The settled pastorate would surely result in a breakdown.

Just about this time William Booth's apprenticeship in the pawnshop came to an end. He spoke of his six years of apprenticeship as years of bondage. He had been "bound out" by his father, and, while it is hard to realize now, a "bound boy" then had no more chance of quitting his apprenticeship than a prisoner has of jumping over the wall of his prison. William wanted to get out of the pawnbroking business, which traded on the misery of his fellow men. He writes in his diary that he tried hard to find some other kind of work which would give him enough liberty to carry on his activities as a local preacher, street evangelist, and slum worker. For twelve months he waited, twelve months of hope deferred that maketh the heart sick. The rich men in the Wesleyan Church might have helped him, but they were like lots of rich people in the Church

to-day whose milk of human kindness has soured. Here was a church of a thousand members that could not get an honest, aggressive, capable boy a job!

But there is a divinity which shapes our ends, and the Lord overruled the stupidity and the ingrained smallness and meanness of His professed followers. In England all roads lead to London, and, as Bow Bells called Dick Whittington back, so the stern voice of economic necessity called William Booth forward to London.

William's sister Ann had married a well-to-do man, and had gone to London to live. Here was a place waiting for William, a refuge in the time of financial storm. He could get into this quiet haven and find harbor and supplies until he could get a job. So the road of destiny for William Booth at that time led southward, down to the magic and myriad lights of London; and destiny was waiting for him right around the corner in the London suburb of Brixton, where he was to meet somebody who would affect his whole life. Romance and power and world conquest for Jesus and success for the Kingdom of God were all bound up in this going to London. Thinking of it, we ought perhaps to give a vote of thanks to the indifferent rich of the Nottingham Church who might have helped young Booth financially and caused him to save his financial life, but yet lose his crown of glory.

Before William Booth left Nottingham, something happened which he always put down as epoch-

making in his life. An American evangelist, the Rev. James Caughey, came to town, and, being a Methodist, he was permitted to hold a meeting in the Wesleyan Church. Caughey preached the doctrine of entire consecration, or holiness, for believers. It was time for something to happen in the Church there, and Caughey, with his American spirit of freedom from tradition, did something for William Booth that the rest of the Church could not do: he inspired the boy and set his soul on fire. Caughey was a quiet, undemonstrative man, but his preaching was backed by the power of the Holy Spirit. The union of souls between the young English boy and this untrammelled American evangelist was natural, beautiful, and prophetic of the future. They were kindred souls, and, next to John Wesley, James Caughey was the biggest man in the world to William Booth all the days of his life. His soul was fed by the preaching of Caughey, and it is well that it was, for it enabled him, like Elijah, to go forty days without other food unto his Horeb of London, for there was a spiritual famine in that land toward which he had set his feet.

CHAPTER V

PREACHING ON THE STREETS OF LONDON

LONDON! William Booth was nineteen years of age when he reached the metropolis of the south. To the average Englishman, London means heaven. It is hard for him to speak of the dear old town without tears in his eyes. It is said that a bred-in-bone Londoner sentenced to a few months in New York will put on his galoshes whenever he hears that it is raining in Pall Mall. Even Matthew Arnold, who refused to be enthusiastic about what excited most people, said: "The work which we collective children of God do, our grand center of life, our city for us to dwell in, is London! London, with its unnatural external hideousness, and with its internal canker of public egestas, *privatum opulentia*, unequaled in the world."

"What a city to loot," said the former Kaiser of Germany, when he looked over the roofs of the city from the heights of the Tower, just a little while before the World War.

When William Booth reached London, he went immediately to the home of his sister, expecting a welcome which would take the sting out of his sorrows. But Ann Booth's marriage to the wealthy

Nottingham boy had not proved to be so happy as her family had anticipated. Ann's husband, who was an agnostic and a ne'er-do-well, did not receive William kindly, and Ann was browbeaten and infected with her husband's scurrilous scepticism concerning religion. William had too much spirit to stay where he was not wanted, and he soon left his unhappy home. He writes of this period:

The sensations of a newcomer to London from the country are somewhat disagreeable, if he comes to work. The immensity of the city must especially strike him as he crosses it for the first time and passes through the different areas. The general turn-out into a few great thoroughfares, on Saturday nights especially, gives a sensation of enormous bulk. The manifest poverty of so many in the most populous streets must appall any heart. The language of the drinking crowds must needs give a rather worse than true impression of all.

The crowding pressure and activity of so many must always oppress one not accustomed to it. The number of public houses, theaters, and music halls must give a young enthusiast for Christ a sickening impression. The enormous number of hawkers must also have given a rather exaggerated idea of the poverty and cupidity which nevertheless prevailed. The churches in those days gave the very uttermost idea of spiritual death and blindness to the existing condition of things. At that time very few of them were open more than one evening a week. There were no Young Men's or Young Women's Christian Associations, no Pleasant Sunday Afternoons, no Brotherhoods, no Central Missions, no extra effort to attract the attention of godless crowds . . .

To any one who cared to enter the places of worship their deathly contrasts with the streets was even worse. The

absence of week-night services must have made any stranger despair of finding even society or diversion. A Methodist sufficiently in earnest to get inside to the "class" would find a handful of people reluctant to bear any witness to the power of God.

Save for his unsympathetic sister and brother-in-law, whose house he had left, William Booth was without friends in London. He was alone and penniless. Although he tried hard to find work, he could not get a job. In despair of finding anything else, he finally took a position with a pawnbroker in Walworth, one of the little cities which go to make up this so-great London, which is, like all other large cities, really an aggregation of little separate towns merged into one. Walworth is a picturesque suburban section of London, possibly named for Sir Walter Walworth, once Lord Mayor of London, and celebrated for slaying Wat Tyler. The dagger with which he killed this rebel adventurer is still to be seen in Fishmonger's Hall. Sir William owned in his time "stew houses" in Bankside. This name was not connected with anything to eat or drink, but was the designation given to bath-houses in that day. William's first master in the pawnbroking business in Nottingham was a Unitarian. This one in Walworth also professed to be a Christian. But he was a good for nothing church member. He went to Church every Sunday, and professed to believe in everything the Church believed in, but when he went to the pawnshop on Monday, he left his religion behind. Booth had a room with the family in an

apartment above the shop. He worked in the shop from early Monday morning until late Saturday night, with liberty on Sunday, and for an hour or two one night a week. There was a standing rule in this ménage that the boy had to be in by ten o'clock at night, or the door would be closed against him. He used to preach on the streets on Sunday night and on his free evening. Sometimes he would be some distance away, and he would have to leave the meeting in a hurry and run, in order to get home before ten o'clock and the closing of the door. He relates that he never heard this pious fraud of a pawnbroker speak a word about religion except on Sunday. During all the week, he was a sordid money-grabber, taking advantage of everybody who came to pawn, redeem, or buy an article. He was the type of man that many people use as an excuse to condone their own lack of religion. But William Booth was not looking for excuses. He was going to do the right thing and live for God, in spite of every obstacle. He writes of this period: "My way was complicated, but I stuck to my faith and the preaching of it as far as I had the opportunity. It is true that here and there I made friends in my preaching excursions, with whom I fraternized as far as my little leisure offered, enjoying occasional seasons of useful communion. But my poor heart was desolate in the extreme. It seemed as though I had got launched out on a wide and dreary ocean without a companion vessel or a friendly port in view."

Instead of weakening his faith, his experience in

this Walworth pawnshop only drove him closer to God. In a paper dated December 6, 1849, he drew up a set of resolutions. He was like John Wesley: he felt that to be a consistent Christian he ought to do things by schedule. Wesley, you will remember, used to get up at four o'clock every morning, and was human enough—or inhuman enough—to believe that everybody else ought to get up at this ungodly hour. William Booth did not go quite that far. He decided to rise at six forty, in order to have time enough to wash, dress, and have at least five minutes for private prayer. He resolved also to talk less, think more, live closer to God, and read at least four chapters in the Bible every day. In order that he might keep his covenant, he determined to read it over every day; on second thought, evidently, at least twice a week. After writing down his resolutions, he called on God to help him keep them, and signed his name. Those wonderful English! They write reminiscences and diaries and resolutions; and what is more than that, a good many of them, like William Booth and Wesley, live up to their resolutions.

The oldest extant letter of William Booth, dated October 30, 1849, was written from London to a friend in Nottingham. In spirit it resembles some of the communiqués he wrote later as a General to his Salvation Army soldiers. He urged his friend, John Savage, to grasp still firmer the standard, and unfold still wider the battle flag. "The trumpet has given the signal for conflict! Your General assures you of success and a glorious reward; your crown is

already held out! Then why delay, Onward! Onward! Onward! . . . Christ for me! Tell it to men who are living and dying in sin! Tell it to Jesus that you have chosen Him to be your Saviour and your God. Tell it to devils, and bid them cease to harass, since you are determined to die for the truth!"

He told of his preaching on Sundays to a respectable, but dull and lifeless, congregation. There was not a single "Hallelujah," and he complained of the hardness of preaching for an hour and a half, and then coming down to do the work of the prayer meeting. He had his troubles and his critics. The critics told him there was too much of the shroud in his preaching, that he was not sufficiently argumentative, and that his sermons did not display enough study. It was characteristic of him even at this early period that he wanted results, and he complained about sermons preached at Norwood at that time where the people were kind, but not sufficiently responsive. "I saw nothing done." This was one secret of his success: results meant everything; empty praise, even from a dear people, meant nothing in his life.

William Booth worked nearly three years for the Walworth pawnbroker. During these years he preached at night in the middle of the week on the streets of London and all day on Sunday in some of the Methodist chapels in Walworth and other suburbs, and on the street too. It will be recalled that when Dr. Dunn proposed that he leave the ranks of the local preachers in Nottingham and enter the

itinerancy, Booth refused; but when he saw the great need of the people of London and their spiritual degradation, he could no longer reconcile himself to working all day in a pawnshop. He said to himself what in after years he used to say in every country to his soldiers, "Hurry up; the time is short." He felt that the Judge was standing at the door, and that the fashion of this present world was passing away. Somehow or other, when he stood in the study of that large, cold church in Nottingham, the idea of devoting all of his time to the ministry did not appeal to him. The surroundings were a little chilly; there was nothing to generate so glowing and so dynamic a thing as a "call to preach." Ah, but when he got to London and saw the misery and sin and poverty of the people, his soul was aflame. This is what he says himself about it, and it is worth recording:

How can anybody with spiritual eyesight talk of having no call, when there are such multitudes around him who never hear a word about God, and never intend to; who can never hear, indeed, without the sort of preacher who will force himself upon them? Can a man keep right in his own soul who can see all this, and yet stand waiting for a "call" to preach? Would they wait so for a "call" to help some one to escape from a burning building, or to snatch a sinking child from a watery grave?

Does not growth in grace, or even ordinary growth of intelligence, necessarily bring with it that deepened sense of eternal truths which must intensify the conviction of duty to the perishing world?

Does not an unselfish love, the love that goes out toward

the unloved, demand of a truly loving soul immediate action for the salvation of the unloved?

And are there not persons who know that they possess special gifts, such as robust health, natural eloquence or power of voice which specially makes them responsible for doing something for souls?

And yet I do not at all forget that above and beyond all these things there does come to some a special and direct call, which it is peculiarly fatal to disregard, and peculiarly strengthening to enjoy and act upon.

I believe that there have been many eminent, holy, and useful men who never had such a call; but that does not at all prevent any one from asking God for it, or blessing Him for His special kindness when He gives it.

At this time William Booth had the notion of going to Australia as a chaplain on board a convict ship. He was twenty-one years of age, and naturally enough felt the fascination of adventure. He wrote to a friend about this desire, picturing himself living a life on the ocean wave, and having a home on the rolling deep, and preaching salvation to the worst of men—convicts. He was in as much of a hurry now to get into the regular work of preaching as he had been a year ago to avoid it. Then he was afraid he would be pressed into service; now he was afraid he would not be accepted. He was a local preacher for the Wesleyans, and the superintendent of the circuit told him that there were no openings; that at that time preachers were not wanted.

For two years there had been internal friction in the Wesleyan Church. Methodists in this country today have a notion that it takes a Bishop to be an

autocrat, and lord it over his less favored brethren; but in 1848 a good many of the preachers in the Wesleyan Church in England were accusing Dr. Jabez Bunting, who was president of their theological seminary, of being an autocrat. Dr. Bunting is the man who has the credit, whether he deserves it or not, of saying that "Methodism is justification by faith, and a penny a week or a shilling a quarter." At this time he was casting a long shadow over his denomination, and men resented it. Dr. Bunting and some of his brethren were doing everything in their power to make Methodism connectional and the Conference supreme. The "reformers" wanted to make the local church the supreme power. It is interesting to note that the battle thus started in England in 1848 was carried over the seas to American Methodism, and is still being waged.

One Sunday William Booth preached in the Walworth Road Methodist chapel. He was gloriously unhampered by the laws of homiletics. It is doubtful whether his sermons at this time would have pleased a freshman in a theological seminary, but they accomplished something, all the same. The sermon which he delivered in the Walworth Road chapel was possibly nothing more than a red-blooded, warm-hearted exhortation. When Booth got down from the pulpit a rich layman, a Mr. Rabbits, who had heard him with delight, asked him home to dinner. Mr. Rabbits was on the side of the reformers. He believed that the Wesleyan Church was going to the dogs spiritually, and that it could

not be depended on to carry forward the Gospel message. He urged William Booth to devote all his time to preaching. The young preacher spoke frankly: "No one wanted him, and he had to make a living." Mr. Rabbits asked him how much he could live on, and after figuring the cost, Booth said it would take twelve shillings a week. Mr. Rabbits raised the amount to twenty, and settled it promptly on him before he could change his mind.

Booth could now devote all his time to the Reformers. He found quarters in Walworth where he secured a room "with attendance" at five shillings a week. He furnished his room, and out of his small stipend managed to send something weekly to his mother and sister. This arrangement was to last three months. He was now twenty-three years of age, and it is worthy of note that he began giving all his time to the work of the ministry on his birthday, April 10, 1852. Another interesting thing happened on that day: he met again the woman who was to be his wife—Catherine Mumford, a native of Brixton. It was through Mr. Rabbits that William Booth met Catherine Mumford. She had heard him preach in a small chapel in Clapham, and had expressed admiration for the sermon. It was a lucky day for William Booth when he met this fine girl who was to help to mould his destiny. William Booth by himself would have been a great man, but when Catherine Mumford came into his life he became extraordinary.

Booth had worked in the Walworth pawnshop

three years, slept in a miserable room in the attic, devoted himself to the business, and run himself out of breath many a night to get home at ten o'clock so that his miserly master would not have his sleep disturbed. But on that momentous tenth day of April he came downstairs with all his earthly goods in his carpetsack; and his master was terribly upset. This is the way Booth records the incident:

I at once gave notice to my master, who was very angry, and said, "If it is money you want that need not part us." I told him that money had nothing to do with the question; that all I wanted was the opportunity to spend my life and powers in publishing the Saviour to a lost world. And so I packed my portmanteau and went out to begin a new life.

CHAPTER VI

THE REFORMERS

THE Methodist Societies were founded by Wesley in 1739, and the Wesleyan Church was the outgrowth of these Societies. In 1744 Wesley held his first Conference of preachers. In 1783 he drew up his Deed Poll, and established an Annual Conference, consisting of a hundred ministers, which came to be known as the Legal Hundred. The members were appointed for life; vacancies were filled by the members of the Annual Conference. In his lifetime, Wesley had all authority personally, but after his death his preachers and people began to assert themselves. However, the Legal Hundred kept the power which Wesley had held. In 1844, a hundred years after the first Conference was held, certain "fly sheets" were printed with the purported authority and "by order of the Corresponding Committee for Detecting, Exposing, and Correcting Abuses." This committee had no legal existence, and was super-constituent, and possibly was formed only by authority of the secret action of the reformers in the Wesleyan body. These anonymous publications became seasonal, and in 1847 the Annual Conference

decided to find out who was behind them. The Conference felt sure that preachers were getting them out, and the Conference passed a resolution that each minister would have to answer the question as to whether he was connected with the publications. Seventy preachers refused to sign a statement that they had had nothing to do with these "fly sheets." The agitation continued, and in 1849, at the Annual Conference, three of the preachers, one of whom was the Rev. Samuel Dunn, regarded as the leader of the Reform movement, were expelled by the Conference. Of course, a terrible row was precipitated. The Wesleyan Conference looked upon the ministers in the Reform movement as traitors, while a good many of the lay members looked upon them as martyrs who were trying to save Methodism. The Legal Hundred especially regarded the Reformers as mutineers who were boring holes in the hull of the Old Ship of Zion. These friends said that they were trying to save the old ship, and steer it into the desired haven. The Wesleyan Church lost a hundred thousand members as a result of the controversy, and both sides came pretty near to losing their religion, as the discussion became so acrimonious.

William Booth, at the time of the beginning of the controversy, was a member of the Wesleyan Church and a local preacher. He took no part in the crimination and recrimination in which preachers and others were indulging, and never let the dispute enter his mind, except to deplore it. He spent

as much time as possible preaching on the streets. Because there were more local preachers on the circuit than could be used, Booth tendered his resignation as a local preacher, but asked that his Church membership be continued. The preacher in charge of the circuit had more zeal than knowledge. He felt sure that anybody as enthusiastic as was William Booth must be tainted with the Reform movement and decided therefore to withhold his ticket of membership, which every member of the Wesleyan Church had to have in those days. This automatically expelled Booth from the Wesleyan' Church. He was, even at that time, a public character in London, and when the Reformers heard that the Wesleyans had put him out, they sent him a cordial invitation to join them, which he accepted. It is interesting to note that Catherine Mumford had been previously denied a ticket by the Wesleyans, because of her sympathy for the Reform movement, and so had been compelled to align herself with the Reformers.

Catherine Mumford had heard William Booth preach, and had expressed her admiration of the sermon to her friend, Mr. Rabbits. It is more than likely that Mr. Rabbits, who was a close friend of the Mumford family, decided that these young people were made for each other. About two weeks later, Mr. Rabbits gave a tea for the Reformers of that district, and invited Mrs. Mumford and Catherine, and also William Booth. When Booth arrived Mr. Rabbits insisted that he recite an Amer-

ican temperance poem called "The Grog-Seller's Dream." It was a lurid piece of "horrible example" poetry, which told how the devil himself visited a case-hardened and cold-blooded saloon keeper. Booth, who was always full of good sense, felt that this was hardly the place for such a recitation; but his host insisted, and he complied. As soon as he uttered the last word of the poem, the fat was in the fire. Several of the guests were up in arms at once. They repeated the time-worn statement that they believed in temperance but not in prohibition; they argued very gravely that you couldn't make people good by law, and that the Bible sanctioned the use of wine—the same arguments that one hears in the smokers of American Pullman cars today. But they no sooner got started than Catherine Mumford came to the rescue, and with her keen, analytical mind and her trenchant wit she completely routed them. No wonder William Booth fell in love with her. He recognized her immediately as a superior individual. It was a case of mutual love at first sight, and if William Booth had been financially able, he would have proposed marriage to Catherine Mumford instantly; but he had his mother and sister to look after, and even in that day of cheap prices the five dollars a week Mr. Rabbits was advancing for three months would not have gone very far toward supporting two families. But these two fine, young people, both of them twenty-two years of age, although very much in love with each other, had lots of good sense. They determined to subject their

own minds to the mind of the Lord, and to follow His providential leading. They became the closest of friends, and were in each other's company as much as possible. In a letter written by Catherine Mumford to William Booth after they had known each other more than a year, these words occur:

If you are convinced on this point, irrespective of circumstances, let circumstances go, and let us be one, come what may; and let us on Saturday evening, on our knees before God, give ourselves afresh to Him and to each other. When this is done, what have we to do with the future? We and all our concerns are in His hands, under His all-wise and gracious Providence.

On Sunday, May 15th, 1852, these splendid young people became engaged to each other, and Catherine stopped addressing William as "My dear friend," and signed herself quite often, "Your own loving Kate."

William Booth now had exactly what he needed: some one of good judgment and deep spirituality to advise him. As far as book learning was concerned, Catherine was his superior. She had a better education, and was studiously inclined. As a young girl she developed spinal trouble, which made her a semi-invalid, and the hours spent in bed were not wasted by this methodical young person, who lived up to the profession of Methodism in doing everything with a set purpose. She had a natural endowment of culture which William Booth lacked. She was a clear, calm, and incisive thinker. She was more original and dynamic than he, and she supplemented

his gifts and graces admirably. It is not often that a man is fortunate enough to find such a partner.

William Booth was not happy with the Reformers. They had plenty of religion, but very poor notions as to the business of running a church. One fault found with the Wesleyans was that they gave their preachers too much authority. The Reformers went to the other extreme, and took all authority away from the preacher. He was simply their paid servant, and they took delight in speaking of him in public as their "hired preacher." Everybody wanted to lead in the local church, and instead of the preacher being the head, there were nearly as many heads as there were members. Interminable committees and resolutions and arguments never did appeal to William Booth, and they did not appeal to Catherine either. She realized William's worth; she felt that he was a natural born leader, that he was out of place, and wasting his time. It is unfortunately true that often the outstanding men of a community, the capable business men who are able to make the world sit up and take notice, do not take an active part in the affairs of the Church, which are left to men of less ability who take advantage of their positions of authority.

After a few months of being ordered about by the small-fry in the New Connexion Church he was serving, Booth was induced by Catherine to apply to the Congregational authorities in London. Her early studies in church history had inclined her toward this body. Although she was not in accord with them doc-

trinally, she liked their polity, and she felt that William Booth was such a strong character that his preaching would make Methodists out of Congregationalists, even though they might maintain their connection with that Church. She induced him to see Dr. J. Campbell, the editor of the Congregational paper in London. He liked William Booth at once, and wanted to hear his story. When Booth asked him whether his views as to the universal love of God would be a hindrance to his joining the Congregational Church, Dr. Campbell assured him they would not. He was evidently a broadminded man, way in advance of his time. He told William Booth to go to a Congregational training school at Cotton End, London, study there, read his Bible, and come out and preach just what he honestly believed. This was fair enough, and Booth decided to do it. But there was opposition from some of the ministers who had the final decision as to his entrance. William Booth wanted to study the Bible and not to spend too much time on the dead languages. That did not please these men, and when the examining committee heard of his difficulties regarding the doctrine of a limited salvation, they told him that he could enter the college, but that at the end of the college year they certainly expected him to believe as the Church believed on the matter of election. They recommended two books to him: Booth's "The Reign of Grace," and Payne's "Divine Sovereignty." Booth started the book by his namesake first, and read only a short way when, disgusted with the

preaching of a limited atonement, he became enraged, and threw the book to the opposite end of the room. His mind was made up that he would not go to the school. Here are his own words:

How can I go to an institution where I shall be obliged to study such books, and be expected to accept such doctrines? At present I am free. I am under no obligation to the committee. I can hold what opinion I like. But when once I have received their favors I shall feel as if I were morally bound to accept their teachings. It is one thing to forsake Methodism; it is quite another to abandon a doctrine, which I look upon as a cardinal point in Christ's redemption-plan—His universal love, and the possibility of all being saved who will avail themselves of His mercy.

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and there can never be any question but that William Booth was a good man, who was wholly committed to the cause of God, who delighted to do His will, and whose whole life was in His keeping. He received an offer to go to a large Methodist Church at Ryde, to become assistant pastor, and ultimately to succeed to the pastorate, but he declined it, probably wisely, for he was not the type of man to be an assistant to anybody. As soon as this offer had been rejected, he received another, from the Reform Methodist people at Spalding, to take charge of a large circuit about thirty miles in extent. The Wesleyans had been strong there, but the people were spiritually minded and nearly all of them followed the Reformers. Booth would have a number of churches to preach in on this circuit, surrounding Spalding, and he decided to accept. He started

preaching in November, 1852, and remained with the circuit about fifteen months; the most fruitful fifteen months of his life up to that time. He fitted right into conditions on the Spalding Circuit. The members of the church were sensible, religious, and affectionate. They let him do the leading, and right well did he do it.

The separation from Catherine while he was at Spalding enabled her to give to the world some of the finest letters ever written by a woman. They are models of devotion, good sense, keen foresight, and spiritual fervor. Preachers' wives are born and not made. It takes a rare soul to fill this exacting office.

Catherine understood William Booth, and she knew that if he had any weakness it was worldly ambition. She knew that by this sin fell the angels, and in these words she warned him against it:

My dearest love: Beware how you indulge that dangerous element of character, ambition. Misdirected, it will be everlasting ruin to yourself and perhaps to me also. O my love, let nothing earthly excite it, let not self-aggrandisement fire it. Fix it on the throne of the Eternal, and let it find the realization of its loftiest aspirations in the promotion of His glory, and it shall be consummated with the richest enjoyments and brightest glories of God's own heaven. Those that honor Him, He will honor, and to them who thus seek His glory, will He give to rule over the nations, and even to judge angels, who through a perverted ambition, the exaltation of self instead of God, have fallen from their allegiance and overcast their eternity with the blackness of darkness for ever. I feel your danger. I could write sheets on the subject, but my full soul shall pour out its desires to that God Who has promised to supply all your need. In my esti-

mation, faithfulness is an indispensable ingredient of all true friendship. How much more of a love like mine! You say, "Reprove—advise me as you think necessary!" I have no reproofs, my dearest, but I have cautions, and I know you will consider them.

It is not often that deep spiritual discernment and the wisest practical sense are joined in one person; but when they are, these two qualities illuminate each other. Consider this practical advice, written by a girl twenty-three years old to the preacher she intended to marry: "Don't sit up singing till twelve o'clock after a hard day's work. Such things are not required by either God or man, and remember you are not your own." And this: "I have been revolving in my mind all day which will be your wisest plan under present circumstances, and it appears to me that as you are obliged to preach nearly every evening, and at places so wide apart, it will be better to do as the friends advise, and stop all night where you preach. Do not attempt to walk long distances after the meetings. With a little management and a good deal of determination I think you might accomplish even more that way as to study than by going home each night. Could you not provide yourself with a small leather bag or case, large enough to hold your Bible and any other book you require—pens, ink, paper and candle? And, presuming that you generally have a room to yourself, could you not rise at six o'clock every morning and convert your bedroom into a study till breakfast time? After breakfast and family devo-

tion, could you not again retire to your room and determinedly apply yourself till dinner time? Then start on your journey to your evening's appointment, get there for a comfortable tea, and do the same again? I hope, my dearest love, you will consider this plan, and adhere to it, if possible, as a general practice, admitting a few exceptions which circumstances may occasion. Don't let little difficulties prevent its adoption."

CHAPTER VII

A WOMAN IN ADVANCE OF HER TIME

CATHERINE MUMFORD was more than fifty years ahead of her time. Way back in 1853, when it was not only heresy, but also a cause for much mirth, she advocated the rights of women. In that year her pastor preached a sermon in which he expressed the opinion that women were inferior intellectually and morally to men. Perhaps his going so far aroused her to action. It used to be said in that day that women had an extra fiber in their souls, but one cell less in their brains. Catherine Mumford wrote the preacher a letter of about 3,000 words. It wasn't a letter, it was an article; and in it she completely demolished his position. She admitted that perhaps at that time women were not the intellectual equals of men, not because they did not have the capacity for being so, but because they never had the chance. Give them a chance and they would think their way through the world as easily as men. The best argument for the equality of the sexes in her day was Catherine Mumford, especially after she became Catherine Booth; and the letter she wrote her minister in 1853, when she was twenty-

four years of age, was as good a piece of evidence as could be desired. And it is a good thing that she held that view. We cannot imagine the Salvation Army sweeping its way around the world with that glorious company of women who have played their part in publishing its tidings. And we are inclined to believe that, if it had not been for Catherine Booth, William Booth's English conservatism would have prevented him from giving women the place in the Army which he did. John Wesley had his mother, and William Booth had his wife, and the world ought to thank God for them both.

While William Booth was preaching at Spalding in Lincolnshire, he was in close touch with his Beloved. They made it a rule to write to each other once a week. There are one or two things in these revealing letters that seem strange now. We cannot in this day picture any one advising William Booth not to drink. He became such an uncompromising foe of liquor in his Army work that it would seem as if conviction had been born in him. It is true that he was always opposed to liquor as a beverage, but at that time it was considered good medicine. Good Methodists, not only laymen but preachers, used wine, brandy, and whiskey on occasions, just as they used other medicines, and thought nothing of it. But Catherine Mumford was, in regard to the temperance question as well as to others, way ahead of her time. She was an original teetotaler. On one occasion William Booth wrote to her that he had taken brandy

when ill, and on another occasion one of the most shrewd and talented preachers in that circuit had assured him that it would do him good to take port wine. He told this innocently enough to Catherine Mumford, and he received a heated reply in return. She told him that she had no faith in brandy; that it produced a reaction by irritation of the stomach; and then she told him a few things about port wine. She was anxious not only to save him from being influenced by other people's false notions, but also she wanted him to have a settled, intelligent conviction on this subject of drinking. She sent him a book called "Bacchus," which she had marked with penciled underscorings. And then she wrote a paragraph which holds good today:

It is a subject on which I am most anxious that you should be thorough. I abominate that hackneyed but monstrously inconsistent tale—a teetotaler in principle, but obliged to take a little for my stomach's sake. Such teetotalers hinder the progress of temperance more than all the drunkards in the land, and there are abundance of them amongst Methodist preachers. They seem a class of men the right performance of whose duties seems to require pretty liberal assistance from the bottle; the fact is notorious, and doubtless the fault is chiefly with the people, who foolishly consider it a kindness to put the bottle to their neighbor's mouth as frequently as he will receive it; but I believe my dear William will steadfastly resist such foolish advisors as Mr. L., and firmly adhere to his principles till he has some better reason to abandon them. I dare take the responsibility (and I have more reason to feel its weight than any other being) of advising you to abandon the idea of taking wine altogether. I have far more hope for your health because you abstain

from stimulating drinks than I should have if you took them. To one of your temperament they would especially prove hurtful and destructive.

It would never have done for a half-hearted man to have married Catherine Mumford. She wrote to her William at Spalding these words:

I want you to be a man and a Christian, and then I am satisfied; but short of that I never could be. I might hide my discontent, but it would eat out the vitals of my affection, and leave me either to make you miserable, or die in the attempt to act a false part. I have such views of what you should be, and I have always had such views of what the man must be to whom I gave myself, that it would be bitterer than gall to find myself bound to one in mind and head manifestly unworthy.

In another letter she expressed the same hope for him that St. Paul had for the early Christians, "called to be saints." No one need worry as to whether William Booth was genuine and practiced what he preached. He had to live in the same house with Catherine Booth. This was the ideal she set up for him: "I hope, my Love, that you are determined to be altogether a man of God. Nothing less will secure your safety or usefulness. God is not glorified so much by preaching or teaching or anything else as by holy living."

Alice in Wonderland became at one point in her adventures small enough to crawl through a key-hole. It makes one feel just about that size to read the letters of this heroic woman, who was most of the time struggling with a thorn in the flesh, com-

pelled to live the life of a semi-invalid because of spinal trouble contracted in childhood. She did not worry about herself, nor did she burden her fiancé with her ailments. She was always worrying because he was wearing himself out with his work, and not taking care of his health; and she gave him good, sensible advice; not to indulge in excitements, not to throw away his strength, and to remember that a long life of steady, consistent, holy labor would produce just twice as much fruit as one shortened and destroyed by spasmodic and extravagant exertions.

William Booth considered at this time going to the United States as a Methodist preacher. A friend of his, a preacher in the New Connexion Church, who deplored the inadequacy of that Church, and who had heard good reports concerning the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, thought of going over, and Booth also thought favorably of it. He wrote to Catherine about it, and asked her if she would go. She said that, if his way was blocked up in England and the interests of the family demanded it, she would "brave all the trials of the voyage and the climate, and cheerfully accompany you across the Atlantic." In this same letter she warned him to try himself by the standards of God rather than by his own feelings in the excitement of prayer meeting when he was the principal agent. She says:

I speak with all tenderness, and as the beloved of my soul I tell you that I see ambition to be your chief mental besetment; not a besetment if rightly directed and sanctified, but

which, unsanctified and "Warped to an Idol object" will make your life a martyrdom, a lingering self-crucifixion. Ambition even to save souls may not be sanctified ; but ambition simply to glorify God, the soul sunk down, rather risen up to the one sublime idea of glorifying God, must be sanctified.

People often ask whether preachers ought to marry. After studying the character of Catherine Mumford, one is convinced that a wife like that is the best of arguments against the celibacy of the clergy.

CHAPTER VIII

WEDDING BELLS

THE Reformers, with whom William Booth aligned himself, left the Wesleyans because they objected to the too highly centralized authority of that body. They felt that Dr. Bunting was a Protestant Pope and that the members of the Legal Hundred were a new Protestant College of Cardinals. With these views, it was not surprising that the fragments thrown off by the central body should lack coördination. The Reformed Churches were congregational and not connectional, and the autonomy of the local churches was constantly stressed. Young Booth had a wonderful time among these good people. He was preaching nearly every day with heartwarming success. He was doing the thing he wanted to do: holding meetings at which men were born again. William Booth always had a genius for reaching people. His experience in the pawnshop gave him insight and sympathy; he was able to read men, knowing what they lived by; and he knew how to help them. He was in training even at this early date for his later career as a General in the Salvation Army. For instance, he went from

Spalding to the near-by town of Caistor where his coming was unexpected. He sent the bellman through the town and on the next morning a good-size crowd assembled to hear him. A month later he went back, and got out a handbill which was taken to every house in the town and in the surrounding villages. The whole place was in a ferment. In a little while he started a meeting. Before Booth's coming, the Reformers at Caistor were a poor, despised people, with about thirty-five members, meeting in an old upper room; and when he left them, after a few days' meeting, they had over 200 members, and had secured possession of a good, roomy chapel.

One of the big things about William Booth was his ability to look ahead. Present success, which would have blinded some men, never caused him to lose sight of the future. He knew that the Reformers, at the rate that they were tending toward disunity, in that each church was living for itself, had no future for him. As he did not care to go back to the Wesleyans, he began to consider the Methodist New Connexion. In 1791 there was the first split in English Methodism. In the Annual Conference of preachers, there was a division soon after Wesley's death, that same year. Some wanted to continue just as in the days of Wesley and others wanted to make certain alterations which they believed the changed conditions justified. For instance, some of these early reformers wanted to allow the traveling preachers the liberty of administering the sacrament, and wanted to give the laity equal

power with the preachers in the government of the Church, not only locally, but in the Annual Conference. There was a bitter fight over this, and those who sought the change either withdrew or were expelled, and established what they called the New Connexion. These people had all that the Reformers were fighting for, and they had what Booth believed the Reformers never would have: a strong and effective church government, which, while granting all the liberty the laity and preachers needed in the local churches in the Annual Conference, yet was so kinetic and well-knit in its machinery as to make for an onward movement of the kingdom, and a consolidation and conservation of its ingatherings.

Booth wanted to be associated with a stable organization which could take care of the persons in whose conversion he had been instrumental. He did not want to labor for a Church that might go out of business at any time. Always honest and open in all his dealings, he told his church members of Spalding what was in his mind. They were heart-broken at the thought of losing him, and begged him not to leave them. They offered him an increase in salary, and a horse and trap to take him around the circuit. They argued with him, and it was an appealing argument, that he could be married right away if he would only stay with them. In those days a man who joined the Wesleyans or the New Connexion in England had to complete his four years in study before he could marry. As far as their rela-

tions with Booth were concerned, everything was satisfactory about the people in the churches on the Spalding circuit, but their tendency to dispute and argue with each other disturbed him deeply. At this time, January, 1854, when he was twenty-five years old, he received an invitation from the Hinds Street Church of the London Reformers to preach for them at a salary of £100 a year. The London circuit had only a hundred members and was much smaller than the Spalding circuit, which now, as a result of Booth's preaching, had 750 members, an increase of 200 for the year; but it was willing to pay a larger salary, because it felt that Booth was a man who could accomplish what he set out to do.

It is said that on one occasion General Booth was preaching in Edinburgh, during the earliest days of the Salvation Army. To save himself from a lot of mediocre meddlers who were trying to take the Army away from him, he had assumed supreme command. He was its one and only head. While he was speaking, a fussy, self-important little Scotchman sought to heckle him.

"General Booth," the Scotchman piped out in his thin little voice, "don't you think that two heads are better than one?"

"It all depends on the heads," said the General, and went on with his speech without paying any more attention to the diminutive gadfly.

Whenever two heads were better than one, William Booth used two heads. From the very day he met Catherine Mumford, he believed that her head

combined with his was better than his alone; and he always consulted her.

Booth wrote to Catherine about the increase in salary offered to him by the Reformers, and she advised him to put the thought of an increased salary out of his mind, and act solely on principle. She reminded him that he was leaving the Reformers because he was out of patience and sympathy with their principles and aims and because he believed they were headed for ultimate extinction. He was not leaving to secure present advantages, but rather he was sacrificing present advantages for future good; and, above all, he was leaving for the glory of God and the good of souls. William Booth, acting on her advice, got in touch with the authorities of the New Connexion, and was assured of a place in their organization. Early in 1854, he decided to enter their ranks, and prepared himself for their ministry by studying six months under Dr. William Cooke, one of their ex-presidents and leading spirits. Dr. Cooke was in London, and William Booth went to his home there, where, with two or three other students, he prepared for the New Connexion ministry. He arrived on February 14, 1854, and the very next night he was preaching in their Brunswick Street Chapel, where fifteen people came to the altar.

Booth-Tucker, the General's son-in-law, in his "Memoirs of Catherine Booth," says that the General was not an ideal scholar. When he should have been digging out Greek and Latin roots, he was

praying for souls. When the time came for his sermon to be delivered before Dr. Cooke, his teacher heard it and said, "Mr. Booth, I have nothing to say to you. Go on, and God bless you." During this time Dr. Cooke's own daughter came to the altar and professed conversion, after hearing a sermon preached by this fiery young student. We can forgive William Booth for not knowing more about the principal parts of *luo*, and not being able to tell the dative from the accusative; not knowing the protasis from the apodosis; not penetrating the depths of the gerund and the gerundive, and not being able to write a thesis on the Hapaxlegomena in Homer. A knowledge of such things might have helped him—and then again . . .

Dr. Cooke saw the fine quality of leadership which this young man possessed, and proposed to make him the superintendent of the work in London. The young student demurred, saying that he had not had enough experience. He consented to take the place of assistant pastor. It is worthy of note that his good friend, Mr. Rabbits, followed him into the New Connexion, and offered to put up the salary for the preacher of another circuit, if they would agree to appoint William Booth to that place, which they afterward did. It was at this time that Booth paid his first visit to the East End of London, where the New Connexion had a small chapel. He writes in his journal:

Sunday, March 19th, 1854.—Left home at 10 o'clock for Watney Street. Felt much sympathy for the poor, neg-

lected inhabitants of Wapping, and its neighborhood, as I walked down the filthy streets and beheld the wretchedness and wickedness of its people. Reached Bethesda Chapel, and found a nice little congregation, who seemed to hear the Word of the Lord gladly. At night a good congregation. Felt much power in preaching. The people wept and listened with much avidity. Commenced, or rather continued, the meeting by holding a prayer-meeting. All, or nearly all, stayed. Gave an invitation to those who were decided to serve the Lord to come forward, and many came—fifteen in all—of whom fourteen professed to find Jesus, and went home happy in His love. Many of these were very interesting cases. All engaged were much blessed. Tired and weary I reached home soon after 11 o'clock.

William Booth was received as a minister in the Methodist New Connexion by a whole-hearted vote; and, possibly because of Dr. Cooke's recommendation, it was agreed to let him marry at the end of twelve months. He was appointed as assistant to the superintendent of a London circuit. He describes this superintendent as "stiff, hard, and cold, making up in part for the want of heart and thought in his public performances by what sounded like a sanctimonious wail." The young preacher was busy holding meetings, and the Church press gave him a good deal of publicity. The result was that he was invited to hold other meetings, which was not pleasing to the superintendent.

William Booth was the type of man who could go back to the people he had served. Although he had left the Reformers, he returned to rest with his old friends at Caistor, and received a wonderful reception, even the children rejoicing at his com-

ing. However, instead of resting, he plunged into a meeting, with crowded congregations, and, as he wrote, "a crashing prayer meeting." He found that nearly all of his spiritual children stood firm in the faith. He preached eight sermons during this "rest," and had thirty conversions. It was said of him in later years, when he was building up the Army, that he would come home at eleven or twelve o'clock at night after a hard day of preaching on the streets and in halls and leading souls to Christ in after-meetings, and would go to his desk to write letters and articles just as naturally as some men would go to their beds. In a letter written to Catherine Mumford from Caistor, there is this interesting and naïve picture:

I want a sermon on the Flood, one on Jonah, and one on the Judgment. Send me some bare thoughts; some clear, startling outline. Nothing moves people like the terrific. They must have hell-fire flashed before their faces or they will not move. Last night I preached a sermon on Christ weeping over sinners, and only one came forward, although several confessed to much holy feeling and influence. When I preached about the harvest and the wicked being turned away, numbers came. We must have that kind of truth which will move sinners.

William Booth had remarkable success, even in London, where most preachers failed, and where the New Connexion was very feeble. He was all of his life a living example of that statement of Walt Whitman, "produce great men; the rest follows." London at that time was just as hard for the Church to work in as it is now; and yet when he preached

there in the East End, in the Albany Road, or Brunswick Street, he had good congregations, and people were converted. The churches outside of London felt that a man who could succeed there could succeed anywhere, so he had calls to hold meetings in other cities. He held a meeting in Bristol for a week, and then went to Guernsey. He found a dead church when he got there; four present besides himself! As the meetings went on, the crowds increased. Just about as many came to scoff as to pray; and some criticized Booth's preaching and his manner of conducting the after-meetings. But soon people began to be converted, and the crowds were so great that they could not all get inside the chapel. When he left Guernsey many went down to the pier to wish him godspeed. One invitation followed another for him to hold meetings. He went to Bradford, Gateshead and Manchester; and everywhere there were sweeping revivals, increased congregations, and numerous additions to the churches. On June 16, 1855, William Booth and Catherine Mumford were married at Stockwell New Chapel, London, by the Rev. Dr. Thomas, the man to whom Catherine Mumford had written her letter regarding women.

CHAPTER IX

REACHING THE MULTITUDE

THE honeymoon of William and Catherine Booth was a most unusual one. They went to Ryde in the Isle of Wight, as soon as the wedding ceremony was over, and stayed there a week. Then they went to Guernsey, where there was a crowd of people waiting for them. Meetings had been arranged, and they plunged into a "crashing" revival.

Booth's five months of evangelistic work just before his marriage were very fruitful ones. He was able to report at the Sheffield Annual Conference, which met in May, a month before the wedding, that he had held nine meetings, and had had nearly 1,800 conversions. In London, that hard nut for the churches to crack, where "you couldn't hold a revival," the altar rails were crowded with penitents. At Hanley there were 460 in two weeks; at Newcastle 290 in a week; at Longton 260 in nine days; at Guernsey 200 in two weeks—and so it was at other places. Naturally, the Annual Conference recognized his success, and ruled that inasmuch as Booth's labors had been "so abundantly blessed in the conversion of sinners, he be appointed to

the work of an evangelist, to give the various circuits the opportunity of having his services during the coming year." And so when he plunged into the meeting at Guernsey he was, like a good soldier, obeying the wishes of the Annual Conference.

From Guernsey, he and Catherine went to Jersey, and from thence to York. It became necessary for husband and wife to separate for a while, since he was traveling around the country so much; but Mrs. Booth was with him as much of the time as possible, and when he went to Sheffield for a month's meeting, September 23 to October 24, 1855, she went with him. At this meeting 663 professed conversion; and the people felt that, because the meeting was stirring up such great enthusiasm, it was a mistake for the preacher to close it when he did. John Unwin and Luke Tyerman, the latter the biographer of John Wesley, attended the meeting.

Mrs. Booth wrote in October and told of meeting her husband's mother for the first time, and of falling in love with her. Her description of one of Booth's services shows the power which this remarkable man had all through his ministry to draw people unto himself.

I went to chapel yesterday, and witnessed a scene such as I have never beheld before. In the afternoon there was a love-feast, and it was indeed a feast of love. The chapel was packed above and below, so much so that it was with extreme difficulty the bread and water could be passed about. The aisles and pulpit stairs were full, and in all parts of the chapel persons rose to testify to the power of God in con-

nexion with the services. It was an affecting time, both to me and to William's mother, when some one called down blessings on his head to hear a general response and murmured prayer all through the building.

The "love-feast," the agape of the early Christians, was one of the earliest of their religious exercises, first mentioned in Acts 2:46, the "breaking of bread from house to house." It was probably associated with the Lord's Supper for quite a while, but in the time of the Roman Emperor Trajan, its observance was separated from that of the sacrament. Early Methodism, especially in England, observed it rather frequently. In the United States at the present time, it is celebrated about once a year at the Annual Conference, although the average Methodist does not participate in it, and may scarcely know what it is.

After the Sheffield meeting, William Booth went to Dewsbury. The New Connexion auditorium there was too small for the numbers of people who wished to attend the meeting, and the Wesleyans offered theirs, which had a seating capacity of 2,000, and which was easily crowded.

In December, 1855, and January, 1856, Booth held a meeting in Leeds. Mrs. Booth, writing home, gives us the first premonition of the coming storm which was to sweep over them later. The Annual Conference Committee was rather arbitrary in arranging Booth's schedules, saying how long he should remain at each place. The local churches at which meetings were held resented this. Evidently there

was some talk by the people at Leeds upon the arrival of the Booths, for Catherine wrote, "I suppose we shall stay in Leeds seven or eight weeks. They say they will go to see the Annual Conference Committee, and shoot some of them with a pop-gun if they won't let us remain. It has come to a regular fight between the circuits and the Committee, but William has given up the controversy."

At the end of the meeting, Mrs. Booth wrote that on Sunday the crush was so great that they had to lock the outside gate. It was the fashion for Methodist Churches in England at this time to have an iron fence built around the grounds, entrance being through an iron gate, which was padlocked except when a meeting was to be held. There was no invitation during the weektime to "Enter, rest, and pray." Religion was something that was attended to on Sundays only.

The jam within the building was frightful. Some adventurous members of the audience even stretched small boards across the ceiling rafters, and stood on that precarious platform. Mrs. Booth said that every night the people came from miles away to the meeting, although Mr. Booth already had been preaching eight weeks, and they almost idolized him. But still he was humble, and in the midst of all this adulation "often suffered from despondency and self-disgust." This feeling of depression seems to be characteristic of some of the great men of the world, especially of great singers and great preach-

ers. William Booth had periods of despondency all his life, but he never allowed them to interfere with his work; neither did he let sickness interfere with labors abundant. He was never robust; had severe digestive disturbances from childhood; was nervous and irritable at times; and was easily fatigued. In his youth the doctors thought that he had tuberculosis. And yet, in spite of weakness and weariness, he worked as hard as half a dozen ordinary men, and he would come out of one meeting tired to death, only to plunge immediately into another one.

There was a large ingathering at Leeds, and from Leeds, Booth went to Halifax. It was at Halifax, on March 8, 1856, that his first child, William Bramwell, was born. William Booth, writing to Mr. and Mrs. Mumford, said that the baby was "a plump, round-faced, dark complected, black-pated little fellow—a real beauty." Bramwell was named by Mrs. Booth after a celebrated English Methodist preacher, William Bramwell, who traveled with John Wesley and specialized in preaching holiness. His mother wrote when he was still young:

I had from the first infinite yearnings over Bramwell. I held him up to God as soon as I had strength to do so, and I remember specially desiring that he should be an advocate of holiness; in fact we named him after the well-known holiness preacher, with the earnest prayer that he might wield the sword with equal trenchancy in the same cause. I felt from the beginning that he was a "proper child." At an early age he manifested signs of intelligence and ability. He resembled me especially in one particular, and that was

in taking upon himself responsibilities. As he grew up I always felt that he was a sort of father to the younger children.

He was very conscientious, too, I remember once letting him go to a friend's house to tea when he was only three years old, telling him that he must not take more than two pieces of cake. I was not present, and the friends tried to persuade him to take more, but he would not disobey me. This characteristic grew with him through life. I could always trust his word. I cannot remember his ever telling me a falsehood. If at any time he got into mischief, he always came to me and confessed it. He was of a very active and restless disposition. I do not think he ever sat five minutes at a time on anybody's knee. His energy as a child was something marvelous.

From Halifax the evangelist went to Macclesfield, where the father baptized his first-born. While Booth was conducting meetings in Macclesfield, the Conference met at Chester and resolved that Booth should continue his evangelistic work, in which he had been so successful, for another year, "with suitable intervals of rest."

From Macclesfield Booth went to Yarmouth, where the bloaters come from. He had a hard time of it there, for the New Connexion had next to no influence in the town. Nevertheless, forty persons professed conversion.

From Yarmouth he went to Sheffield, where things were quite different. His success was so marked there that in true English fashion the people had a special meeting and made him a "presentation of a large portrait of himself." They had a tea party—the English never do anything without a tea—and

speeches. It was noted for the first time that his success as an evangelist was causing jealousy among some of his brother-preachers.

From Sheffield he went to Birmingham, where there was a great meeting; and from Birmingham he went to Nottingham. This was his native town, and, with the exception of a few days spent there from time to time, he had seen little of it since he had left there in 1849 seven years before. William Booth was not so systematic as was John Wesley about keeping a diary, but fortunately he kept one, as many people do, spasmodically; and every now and then he would note what had happened during the day. On Sunday, November 30, 1856, the day that he began his meeting in Nottingham, he wrote, "My native town. Concerning this place I must confess I have entertained some fears. Being so well known and remembering that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, I had dreaded the critical hearing of those for whom I had in my youth contracted that reverence which in after life perhaps never fully leaves us. However, my confidence was in my message, and my trust was in my Master."

He labored there six weeks, and succeeded far beyond his expectations. The names of 740 converts were taken. The Society's steward, a layman of the Methodist New Connexion in Nottingham, wrote to the Church paper that the commodious chapel was filled every week night, and on Sunday evening hundreds were turned away. He said, "Mr. Booth is

certainly an extraordinary man. I never passed such a six weeks in my life." But although his church received the benefit of the meeting, the pastor at Nottingham was cold and hostile. Later on he was one of those who helped to drive William Booth out of the ministry.

From Nottingham the Booths went to London, where Mrs. Booth and the baby stayed with her parents while the evangelist went to Chester. Although the pastor at Chester was very cordial, and the church members coöperated, Booth was to have here a new and unpleasant experience. One of the newspapers opposed the meeting and stirred up some of the young men of the town to make trouble. Here began the baptism of fire, or rather baptism of ink, that was to become almost a daily occurrence in later years when Booth organized the Salvation Army.

After the Colchester meeting, William Booth went to Bristol. Mrs. Booth, who accompanied him, stated that the church building there was so drafty that every time Mr. Booth went to a meeting he caught a fresh cold. Nor was his welcome from the preacher there warmer than the building.

CHAPTER X

A FULL-FLEDGED MINISTER

FROM Bristol the evangelist and his wife went to Truro, in Cornwall, which was a clean little town, in beautiful surroundings, and where both the climate and the work were milder than in Bristol. From the days of Wesley, Cornwall has been a favorite ground for Methodism. Here the Wesleyans had a church at every crossroads, one or two in every town, and several in the large cities. The New Connexion had never been able to obtain much of a foothold in this country, and its activities were limited to the church at Truro and a small work at St. Agnes. The Cornish people were naturally temperamental, emotional, and of a decided religious bent, but there was in them that inherent and ingrained trait of typical English conservatism which made them distrust that to which they were not accustomed. William Booth insisted on having in every meeting a penitential form. This was something new in Truro, and the people regarded it with suspicion. However, after a while, he was able to overcome their prejudice against his methods, for William Booth was

strong enough to conquer opposition anywhere. The result was a good meeting.

From Truro they went to St. Agnes. Here Booth made an unfortunate mistake. When the people of Cornwall enjoyed their religion, they did not mind letting the world know about it, and they would "go off," as the expression was in that country, and get up from their seats, sing, dance, jump up and down, and clap their hands. William Booth was not a man of an excitable temperament. He was desperately in earnest all of the time, but he always had a strong hold on himself, and he worked always with one object in sight: winning souls for God. If he thought that anything was getting in the way of his aim, he strictly opposed it. He did not understand the Cornish people, and when a woman in his meeting in St. Agnes began to "go off," jumping up and down, keeping time to the tune they were singing, and shouting "Glory," he stopped her. It was like throwing a bucket of water on a small blaze; the fire was out; the meeting was killed. The evangelist admitted that he had made a mistake, and determined thereafter not to stop these spontaneous manifestations, but to guide them.

That year, 1857, the Annual Conference met in Nottingham early in June. It was not considered necessary for Booth to attend, since he was busy with his meetings and was not yet in full connection, so he did not know what had happened until the treasurer of the book-room, Josiah Bates, wrote to him. The Conference decided by a vote of forty-

four to forty that Booth should give up his evangelistic work and take a circuit. A man's foes are those of his own household, and a Rev. J. P. Wright, the superintendent of the Nottingham circuit, was the one who led the fight against Booth. Often the great curse of the Christian Church is professionalism. Men regard the ministry as something to help along their worldly ambitions and to make life easier for them, hence their natural competitors are their brother ministers. Here was a man who for two and a half years had given himself without stint to the work of the Church, and who had been a great success, having added hundreds to the membership; but, because of jealousy and underground whisperings, the Conference took five hours of its precious time arguing for and against him and wound up by doing the thing which was certain to cripple him and the Church also.

The tendency of a man to judge his brother by himself is ingrained. William Booth, in his guilelessness, believed that the next year they would repent of their action, loose him, and let him go on with his work of evangelization. Mrs. Booth, who was an invalid so much of her life, was in bed when the news reached her. She had no illusions about these preachers. She was ready to leave the New Connexion right then. A letter which she wrote later and in which she recounts their difference of opinion completely absolves William Booth from the charge that he was forever scheming to advance himself and his own interests:

But I could not make the General see with me. He believed, in his simplicity, that this clique of ministers would repent of their action, and that Conference would recall him to the work at the end of the year. He replied to my argument that he loved the New Connexion, that he had been useful in it, that he wished to live and labor and die in it, and that he hoped yet to be the means of helping to build it up and make it a great power in the world. A year, he urged, would soon fly away, and it was possible that he might completely regain confidence of his ministerial brethren by thus submitting to their wishes. I predicted that such would not be the case, and my forecast proved in the end to be correct. For the time being, however, I acquiesced in his decision, and we packed up as quickly as possible, and removed to our new home.

Most of the laymen sided with Booth; and when the preachers argued against continuing him in his office, because of the traveling expenses involved, one layman from Nottingham guaranteed fifty pounds for the next year's expenses if they would only reconsider. Another man advised him to leave the New Connexion. He reminded Booth of the way the Wesleyans tried to treat evangelist James Caughey, taking him out of evangelistic work, and putting him on a circuit; Caughey, however, refused to have his wings clipped. This clear-minded layman warned Booth that he would have to pass through the same ordeal Caughey went through, and he uttered this sage advice: "Human nature is the same in every Conference, whether Episcopalian, Wesleyan, New Connexion, Primitive, or Quaker. And the only way for such men as you and Caughey to escape the mental rack and handcuffs is to take

out a license to hawk salvation from the Great Magistrate above, and absolutely refuse to have any other Master. O Brother Booth, if I could preach and floor the sinners as you can, I would not thank Queen Victoria to be my aunt or cousin! When I hear or read of your success, I could wish to be your shoe-black!" We will see that William Booth had to take this advice later, although at this time he was praying that he might be able to give his life to the Church.

William Booth went to his circuit and lived in Brighthouse, which is described as a low, smoky town, with the church and parsonage in the worst part of it. The superintendent of the circuit was a gloomy person who did not seem to care whether souls were saved or not. Mrs. Booth did not have a single woman friend in the church or the town with whom she could exchange confidences or sympathy.

Soon after arriving in Brighthouse, a second son, Ballington was born to the Booths. Perhaps the approaching birth of this boy had something to do with Mrs. Booth's willingness to have her husband take the circuit. In spite of the fact that William Booth had led hundreds to God in the past year, he was desperately poor, possessing neither land nor money. It was all providential. God was putting this glorious woman in training. Had she been traveling about with her husband for evangelistic meetings, in a different town every few weeks, she would not have had the same opportunity for development.

We shall see that in later years William Booth

was able to launch his work because of the help his wife gave him. She became a star attraction in London and the region beyond as a "lady preacher." She started in at Brighthouse to learn to speak in public, taught a class of girls in the Sunday School, led her first class-meeting, and, in Brighthouse, in January, 1857, blossomed out as a temperance lecturer. During Booth's evangelistic trip in Cornwall she had heard a woman preacher, who had aroused an ambition in her breast. She lamented the fact that she had not been brought up among the Primitive Methodists, for then she would have been preaching years before; but nothing was going to hold her back now. She started out on her preaching career with a temperance address, because she knew more about that than anything else. During this year, she and her husband visited Sheffield, where Mrs. Booth met James Caughey for the first time. He gave them good advice. He counseled the preacher to wait until he had been received into full connection by the Conference and had been ordained, before he did anything rash. His ordination would give him a status which he would lose if he were to break away now. We get a picture of social conditions in Victorian England in a letter Mrs. Booth wrote from Brighthouse in 1858:

I wish you could see the troops of young girls who turn out of these Yorkshire factories and mills, with their blue smock pinafores, handkerchiefed heads and beclugged feet. They begin to work as half-timers when they are seven or eight years old, and after a little while are able to earn

eight or nine shillings a week. In a family of three or four girls, with perhaps a drunken father, it is a great temptation to the mother to let her girls go to the mill. Indeed, parents seem to lose sight altogether of the demoralizing and unwomanish influence of the system. I never met with such a "pounds, shillings, and pence" people in my life. They seem to have lost sight of every consideration—comfort, respectability, and everything else—for the "brass" as they call it. I know people, who to look at in their homes you would think to be quite poor, who are really worth hundreds of pounds.

I was out for a little walk with a friend yesterday, when we met a troop of factory girls going to dinner. I observed that it argued discouragingly for the future of our country, this terrible system of employing our young women in factories. What pitiable wives and mothers they will make! Mothers! Alas, I should say bearers of children, for we have lamentable evidence that in everything desirable to the sacred relationship they are awfully deficient. I see no help for it but a law prohibiting young girls under twenty from working in the factories before one o'clock. This would oblige them to attend to domestic matters in the forenoon, and in numbers of instances to seek situations as household servants. I wish some one would begin to agitate the subject in the newspapers.

The next Conference met at Hull. William Booth was received into full connection unanimously, and ordained. At this Conference a compromise was proposed. He was to take a circuit for another year, and at the end of that year he was to be recalled by the Conference to "revival work." They took good care not to call it "evangelistic work."

As far as William Booth was concerned his year at Brighthouse was just about thrown away. He was

faithful, but the New Connexion had no influence there, and the very fact of his being a New Connexion preacher was enough to kill him in the eyes of the outsiders. When it became known during the session of the Annual Conference that he was to take a circuit the coming conference year, there were many towns anxious to have him sent to them. The choice fell to Gateshead. This was a more satisfactory place than Brighouse. It was a larger town, having about 50,000 inhabitants at that time, and just across the Tyne River was Newcastle. The preacher at Gateshead had lots of opportunity to do good. Besides that, while the church was small, it was very much alive and warm with spiritual fervor. Mrs. Booth found many congenial friends. The church building was capable of seating 1,250 persons, and big enough to accommodate almost 2,000 in a pinch. The membership was small, and Booth had to build from the ground up, which he did in his own way. The meetings held there were so out of the ordinary that the church was crowded to the guards on Sundays, many people standing up; and so many persons professed religion that the church soon came to be known in all that country as "The Converting Shop."

At Gateshead, Catherine, William Booth's first daughter, was born; a beautiful child, who, later in life, with her husband, Commissioner Booth-Clibborn, was to carry the gospel into France and Switzerland.

CHAPTER XI

“NEVER, WILLIAM, NEVER!”

THERE was another bit of experience in this providential year at Gateshead that was to be useful later on in William Booth's Salvation Army work. For the first time, he held open-air meetings. These were new to the Booths, and new to the people at Gateshead. The church members met every Sunday at five o'clock, paraded the streets singing hymns, and held an open-air meeting for an hour. The pubs sent out bands of men to disturb these meetings—just as they were to do when Booth started his work in East London. Another thing, Mrs. Booth began to visit the slum dwellers. She would go from house to house visiting drunkards and their families, getting them to sign the pledge, and ministering to the broken-hearted women and neglected children.

It was a good thing after all that the Booths went to Gateshead. Because of the unanimous request of the church there, the Annual Conference of 1859, which met in Manchester, sent William Booth back for another year. He attended this Annual Conference, during which there was a long-winded debate as to whether the Church should engage “in the

missionary business," that is, in giving the gospel to the heathen, which was finally decided in the affirmative. The Conference appointed Booth to be a committee of one to receive a deputation from the United Kingdom Alliance, whose object at that time was to secure by legislation the privilege to decide "whether or no they will have a public-house in their vicinity." In other words, the United Kingdom Alliance wanted local option on the saloon question. Up to this time this society had been receiving annually a eulogy expressed in some meaningless resolutions; and if anything can be as meaningless as some Annual Conference resolutions we do not know what it is. William Booth, who had strong opinions concerning the liquor question, proposed to put teeth into a resolution to the effect that henceforth nobody engaged in the liquor business should be accepted into the membership of the New Connexion. He did not ask that all members should be teetotalers, nor that the saloon keepers who were already members of the Society, some of them holding influential office, should be expelled; but that the door should be closed in the future against those dealing in liquor. This resolution when read had the effect of a hand grenade thrown in the assembly. Some fervid speeches were made. One preacher said it was a needless affront to the saloon keepers. He told of a woman who ran a pub, and who, when her daughters came back from boarding school, took them to another quarter of the city for fear that they might be contaminated by her business. He

cited this case to show how high-minded she was. Booth replied that this woman was inconsistent in that she was willing to inflict upon the children of others what she would not impose upon her own. His speech was strongly resented, and the resolution was snowed under overwhelmingly. This was the first and only time that he ever tried to put a resolution through an Annual Conference.

In December, 1859, while the Booths were at Gateshead, a neighboring preacher, the Rev. Arthur Augustus Rees, fired by the preaching of Mrs. Phoebe Palmer of New York, who was holding evangelistic services with her husband at that time in Newcastle, wrote what John Knox called "a blast against the terrible army of women." The sight of a woman preaching was anathema to him. He was angry clear through, although usually he was a mild-mannered man, and he did his best in a pamphlet to put women preachers in their place once and for all. Mrs. Booth knew and liked Mrs. Palmer, and, besides that, the question was one dear to her heart. She went hard to work and labored for a week, from seven in the morning till eleven at night, preparing a pamphlet in reply, which when printed contained thirty-two pages. She placed a good deal of reliance on what Dr. Adam Clarke had to say on the subject. Dr. J. Stacey, president of the Theological College and said to have been at that time the most cultured intellect in the Methodist New Connexion, wrote for a copy of the pamphlet, and did what a lot of book reviewers do: reviewed it first and read

it afterward. He heard, evidently, that Catherine Booth followed Adam Clarke in her interpretation of certain Scriptures, and in a letter wrote: "I may observe that Dr. Clarke's authority weighs very little with me, as it has little weight anywhere. I admire him very much as a man, but as a deep thinker or as an accurate and searching scholar his reputation does not and cannot stand high. He knew many things rather than much. I make this remark because I think, from a cursory glance at your pamphlet, you quote him as chief authority. But I must read before I criticize."

Mrs. Booth replied to the criticism of Dr. Stacey. She said that she did not quote Dr. Clarke "so much as a first authority as one who gave what appears to me a common-sense view of the passages in question." She said also something which has importance in view of the time when women were to be given equal rank and privileges with the men as leaders in the Salvation Army.

I cannot but believe that a very grievous wrong has been inflicted on thousands of Spirit-baptized disciples of Jesus long since gone to their reward by the seal of silence imposed on them by the good but mistaken men, who thought they were doing God service!

But I believe the Lord Himself is teaching the Church her mistake on this subject, so important to her ultimate triumphs. I believe thousands of loving, faithful hearts are pleading for the bestowment of the promise of the Father on the hand-maidens as well as on the servants of the Lord. And God will, in His own good time, answer prayer.

On January 8, 1860, at Gateshead, Emma, the

second daughter and the fourth child, was born to the Booths. Frederick Booth-Tucker, Emma's husband, who wrote the "Memoirs of Catherine Booth," says that, at the time of the birth of this child, Mrs. Booth was passing through a severe mental conflict. She had always been fully convinced that it was lawful for a woman to preach, and the feeling was borne in upon her that she ought to do it. Mrs. Booth was of a timid nature naturally, and during the two years there at Gateshead the people regarded her as bashful when it came to taking any part in a public service. She shrank from, rather than sought, the limelight; but while she was confined to bed after the birth of Emma she was brought face to face with her duty in the matter. She felt that God wanted her to speak in public, but she was afraid. Finally she resolved to do it, and soon after, on a Sunday morning, just as her husband was about to conclude his sermon, the urge came upon her, and, after a short struggle between her duty and her timidity, she decided to obey her duty. She walked out of the pew and went up to her husband. To say that he was surprised at his timid wife's doing such a thing is to put it mildly. His first thought was that she was sick, and he tremblingly asked her what was the matter. He was highly relieved when she said she wanted to speak. He had been trying for years to persuade her to do that very thing. That same week he had urged her to make an address in a cottage prayer meeting, and she had refused. Mrs. Booth stood before this audi-

ence of a thousand people on that rainy Sunday morning, and told them that she had not lived up to the promises that she had made the Lord when she was a girl of fifteen. Consequently He had brought darkness and leanness into her soul; but from now on she was going to be obedient unto the heavenly vision. Immediately, on the conclusion of this honest and touching confession, the church became a place of weeping, and many others who had been recreant promised to walk in newness of life. She said afterwards that she had not imagined the life of publicity and also of trial which that confession was to lead her to. She never had a quiet Sunday from that time on as long as she was well enough to get up and talk. Immediately it was proposed that she preach that night. Soon after this, her husband, who had a chronic sore throat such as preachers often have, was confined to the house under doctor's orders, with instructions not to preach, so Mrs. Booth took his place and spoke for an hour and five minutes, had an altar service, and "three sweet cases," as she herself expressed it. Immediately Bethesda Church, Gateshead, made arrangements for a revival meeting that winter, at which Mrs. Booth and her husband were to alternate in preaching. Of course, a woman preacher in that day was unusual enough to be news, and the account of her preaching spread all over the country. One paper reported that she not only took her husband's pulpit but dressed up in his clothes when

she did so, proving that newspaper men are much the same in all countries.

It is well to stop here and note one or two things. Here was a woman thirty-one years old who was a semi-invalid and was confined a good deal of the time to her bed or couch with painful spinal trouble. She had a weak throat and was susceptible to colds. She had borne four children in five years, had nursed them, made their clothes, and taken care of them through the numerous diseases infantile flesh is heir to—at this time all four of them had the whooping-cough. Yet she found time to write a pamphlet, cross swords with the president of a theological seminary arguing on scripture, manage a husband, and every week preach sermons ranging in length from an hour to an hour and twenty minutes. And, by the way, this was all in the reign of Victoria.

In February, 1861, Mrs. Booth wrote her mother that she had made a distinct forward step in her spiritual experience. She believed most devoutly in the mission of John Wesley, who said that his purpose was to spread scriptural holiness all over the land. William Booth believed that holiness came as an experience subsequent to regeneration; that it was a second work of grace performed in the heart of a believer, realized when the seeker made a full surrender, became perfectly consecrated, and accepted this blessing by an act of faith. Mrs. Booth, while believing in the necessity for a life of holiness, had

never sought it as a separate experience subsequent to her regeneration; but on Friday, February 11, 1861, after a season of prayer with her husband, in which she definitely sought this blessing, she recorded these words:

When we got up from our knees I lay on the sofa, exhausted with the excitement and effort of the day. William said, "Don't you lay all on the altar?" I replied, "I am sure I do!" Then he said, "And isn't the altar holy?" I replied in the language of the Holy Ghost, "The altar is most holy, and whatsoever toucheth it is holy." "Then," said he, "are you not holy?" I replied with my heart full of emotion and with some faith, "Oh, I think I am." Immediately the word was given me to confirm my faith, "Now are ye clean, through the word which I have spoken unto you." And I took hold—true with a trembling hand, and not unmolested by the tempter, but I held fast the beginning of my confidence, and it grew stronger, and from that moment I have dared to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ, my Lord.

I did not feel much rapturous joy, but perfect peace, the sweet rest which Jesus promised to the heavy-laden. I now understood the Apostle's meaning when he says, "We who believe do enter into rest." This is just descriptive of my state at present. Not that I am not tempted, but I am allowed to know the devil when he approaches me, and I look to my deliverer, Jesus, and He still gives me rest. Two or three very trying things occurred on Saturday, which at another time would have excited impatience, but I was kept by the power of God through faith unto full salvation.

We shall see later on that this experience of holiness into which William led her carried Catherine Booth far. In the early days of the Salvation Army, it was her desire to spread out less and intensify

more. William Booth was wild to save the whole world; Catherine Booth wanted the world saved. but she would have been willing to cut down on extension in favor of intension. She wanted all of the early converts of the Army to be led as soon as possible into this faith and experience. She would have been willing to stay off the streets half the time in order to hold holiness meetings. The Army held holiness meetings, and still holds them; but, as the name implies, it is an army of Salvation, and salvation is the burden of its message.

In March of that year, with Conference coming, William Booth wrote to Dr. Stacey his views with respect to his present and future position. He made clear to the president of the Methodist New Connexion, who of course would preside at the opening of the Annual Conference, and who had charge of all the business of the Conference between sittings, his reasons for wanting to do evangelistic work. He wrote a letter which did him honor, stating in the very first paragraph, "I am doing this in all plainness and candor, appealing to your judgment, confiding in your sympathy, and requesting your counsel." He then gave his reasons in logical order, arguing his case as he went along. They were: for the past seven years he had felt strongly that God had called him to that work; he was satisfied that he could do more for the Church and the glory of God in that way; he was happiest in that work, and his friends said he was especially adapted to it; he had not been so successful in the pastorate, although his churches

always made a good showing; all obstacles had been removed, and his wife had voluntarily consented to the separation which the evangelistic work would bring about; he had lately been brought into a higher walk of Christian experience, and so, with pure motives and aims, his soul turned to the evangelistic work as the sphere in which God would bless him most; the reasons assigned by the Annual Conference as to why he should take a pastorate, serving in that connection during his last year of probation, proving himself, since he was a virtual stranger, had all been met. Other Churches were using evangelists; and never had there been such a great opportunity. Therefore, he prayed to get into that work. He was willing to reside in a town central to Connectional interests, and to labor with the churches immediately around him. He was willing to labor under the direction of the president of the Conference, chairman of district, or the superintendent of the circuit. His salary was to be the same as that of other ministers. In the past his salary had always been collected with the greatest ease. He said his health was equal to the task, and he prayed that the president would lay his petition before the Annual Conference Committee, before the meeting of the Conference.

Though this letter was written on March 5, it was not until the beginning of May that Booth received an answer from the president. The president pleaded sickness as an excuse for not writing sooner; then said that the Annual Conference Committee

had held a meeting, and that three of the four members present thought it best to say nothing, but to let the Annual Conference thrash the question out. A very rich friend, a layman in the New Connexion, promised that if the Conference would agree to Mr. Booth's going into the evangelistic work, he would put up all the money. At the time of the Conference both Mr. and Mrs. Booth were working like Trojans preaching, visiting, and bringing people into the Church. In ten days, in a meeting held in Hartlepool, they had 250 seekers, and eighty additions to the Church there; and forty more at neighboring places.

The Conference was to be held in Liverpool that year, and as Paul went up bound in the spirit to Jerusalem, so William Booth and his wife, for she left the babies behind and insisted on accompanying him, went to this meeting. It was a good thing that she went with him. Mrs. Booth knew the preachers like a book, and she was watching them. Just before going up to Conference, she wrote to her mother that she was afraid that a sort of compromise, which had been proposed, that William should be associated with the Alnwick Circuit, and travel, living at Nottingham, would not be allowed by the Conference. Her mind was made up, and she said: "I do not see any honorable course for us but to resign at once, and risk all."

She was willing to trust God for her daily bread, but she wrote, "William is afraid. He thinks of me and the children, and I appreciate his loving care;

but I tell him that God will provide if he will only go straight on in the path of duty." They sold their piano on credit, showing that they were burning some of their bridges behind them. Nothing was coming in from any quarter; there were no invitations for meetings that summer, and the time was unfavorable. When the preachers wished to have him hold a meeting, the superintendents stood in the road. Mrs. Booth concluded her letter with one of the most pathetic sentences ever penned, written with the bitter knowledge of the meanness of men high in authority who were professing piety and yet were dealing atrociously with a man absolutely in earnest who was trying to extend the kingdom of God: "Oh, if it were not for God's sake, I feel that I should be ashamed to be a preacher's wife."

The picture presented by the Conference affords food for reflection for an American Methodist. In this country, in Episcopal Methodism, which is the only kind that has really flourished on this side of the Atlantic, a great deal of fault is found with the Bishops. They are accused in many quarters of being autocratic, unreasonable, out of touch with the heart of the Church, and often incompetent. In the old days, a generation or two ago, men perhaps toadied to Bishops too much; but it is getting so that the easiest way to be popular now is to be a Bishop-baiter. The man who believes that the average Bishop should be drawn and quartered and boiled in oil is the fellow who is popular. Probably we do find occasionally some Bishops who are obstinate

and autocratic and who will not listen to reason; but the report of this Conference at Liverpool convinces us that there are some preachers who can be just as autocratic as any Bishop. And, further than that, they are not likely to compensate for their meanness by having the outstanding ability of the average Bishop. These small men, clad in a little brief authority, play such fantastic tricks before high heaven as to make the angels weep. When William Booth's case came up for consideration, his ancient enemy, the Rev. P. J. Wright, of Nottingham, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Crofts, who had also opposed him and had him relegated to a circuit, again took up the gage of battle against him. Unfortunately Dr. Crofts was elected president of the Conference. This gave Booth's enemies a decided advantage.

Dr. Wright insisted that the resolution passed by the recent meeting at Durham advocating the restoration of William Booth as an evangelist was contrary to the rules and Poll Deed of the Connection. He said that this resolution affected the fundamental principles of the Connectional system, and that it would be necessary to submit it to all their members to vote on, and that this process would require six years. The funny thing about this was that the Poll Deed had not been thought of when Booth was appointed to the evangelistic work six years before; nor had it been mentioned to him when three years ago he had been sent to a hard circuit. It was argued that the Poll Deed did not prohibit the

employment of new agencies, in fact that the Conference had done that very thing when instituting missions in Ireland and Canada. So Mr. Wright was proved wrong, and the amendment to his motion, which permitted the employment of evangelists, was carried. But Mr. Wright and Booth's other enemies were irreconcilables and die-hards. They then raised the question, whether the Conference, having the power to create that agency, would do it. They now began to show their hands. They argued that it was an insult to a pastor to introduce an outside agency into his territory; that it was a reflection on him, and implied that he was not capable of doing all the work of the Church. Again, they objected to revival work; the church was worse off after a meeting than before; although they were bound to admit that in Mr. Booth's case he had gifts and graces which placed him far beyond the average evangelist. Mr. Booth was then asked to read the letter he had written in March. This made a good impression, and everything seemed to be going well, when his old teacher, Dr. Cooke, who seemed to be on his side, proposed a compromise. It was that Booth should take a circuit, but make arrangements with those in authority to spend part of his time carrying on revivals elsewhere. Mr. and Mrs. Booth knew that this was futile; that it would not work; that the circuit would suffer, and so would his meetings. He refused to accept the compromise, and told the Conference so. But his enemies saw that they had the advantage and, before his friends knew

what was going on, they put the Cooke amendment to vote, and the compromise was carried by a large majority.

Mrs. Booth was seated in the front row of the gallery, listening to the debate. William Booth was facing her. As soon as the vote was announced she rose to her full height and called to her husband in loud, sonorous tones, "Never, William, never!" He looked up at her and waved his hat toward the entrance as a signal that he was going out and would meet her at the entrance. As he walked out of the church, his enemies, seeking to make the delicate situation worse, called in offended tones, "Order; order." William Booth met his wife at the door and embraced her, and they walked out "without a friend and without a farthing" into a world hostile as far as the Church and man were concerned.

CHAPTER XII

TO LONDON AND DESTINY

IT was on Saturday of the Annual Conference that Catherine and William Booth walked out. They had no sooner reached the home where they were being entertained than their well-meaning but misguided friend, Dr. Cooke, the editor of the *New Connexion* paper in London, came with another minister to try to smooth things over. They had succeeded in reconciling the Booths to circuit work on previous occasions, and they felt that they could do so again. They used the old argument, that in a year's time the members of the Conference might see the light and let them do evangelistic work. Dr. Cooke asked them to think the matter over, warning them also that distressing consequences to themselves would follow if they resisted the authority of the Church. His advice was that Mr. Booth appear before the Conference on Monday, which was the last day, when the appointments would be read, and make a speech explaining his views, trusting that an arrangement satisfactory to both sides might be worked out. William Booth was always open to reason, and he agreed to do this. He went to Chester on Sunday, and preached twice to over-

flowing crowds, and on Monday he appeared before the Conference and spoke in the manner Dr. Cooke suggested; but it had no effect. The Conference had made up its mind, and undoubtedly some of the leaders were doing the thing that they felt sure would embarrass him, and that they would thus be rid of him. He was sent to the Newcastle circuit.

William Booth still hoped, after the reading of the appointments, that a workable compromise could be found. His plan was to get the quarterly conference to the Newcastle circuit to put on record their permission for him to hold meetings outside. This the quarterly conference, the legal authority of the local churches, did. Mrs. Booth, however, was for resigning immediately and putting the resignation in the hands of the ad-interim Annual Conference Committee. However, the resignation could not be legally accepted until the next Annual Conference. But Mr. Booth had his way, and the family moved to the Newcastle parsonage. In the words of Mrs. Booth, the circuit there was "a wreck," and he would be preaching to twenty, thirty, and forty people in its run-down churches, when in the evangelistic work he could have been preaching to hundreds.

As a sample of the condition of affairs on this circuit we cite the following incident: He preached at Alnwick, where he proposed to hold a meeting; but the other preachers coöperating on the circuit thought it was not a good time to begin, as "one of the leading families was going to the seaside." It is no wonder that William Booth made a trip to Lon-

don to see if he could not find a place where he might start a revival meeting where souls could be saved.

In London he met an evangelist, a Mr. Hammond, who was starting for the United States the next week on the Great Eastern. (What memories that name brings. It was a giant in those days; the greatest thing afloat.) Mr. Hammond had been preaching in Scotland, and the Scotch had "acted most generously toward him." They had not only paid him well, but when he broke down in health while he was holding the meetings, "the people sent him to Italy, meeting all his expenses." Booth adds, "I should like to lay the noble conduct of these men before our conference, and contrast it with the driveling opposition with which they have met my movements and convictions." Mr. Hammond advised him, "Cut out the denomination and go to work for Jesus, and He will open your way." He told him not to go to Scotland as a Methodist, as it might entirely block his way. This advice which the evangelist gave him also contained a lot of good sense, and William Booth subsequently acted on it: "If you have power to hold a large audience and to exhibit the truth and bring home the gospel to their hearts, you may go forth, and God is sure to provide for you. All Britain is open to you." However, at the time this advice was given to him, he could not see it, for he was blind in his devotion to the Methodist New Connexion.

William Booth found no invitations in London to

begin meetings there, but he did receive an invitation to go to his old home town of Nottingham to conduct the anniversary service of a new church which had come into existence as the result of his revival effort held there a short time before. It will be recalled that his bitter enemy, the Rev. P. J. Wright, was in Nottingham, and no sooner had William Booth reached that town than he received a letter from Dr. Croft, the president, telling him that the arrangement he had made with the quarterly conference of the Newcastle circuit was not agreeable to the Annual Conference Committee, and that he must immediately confine himself to the pastoral duties of the circuit. On July 18, 1861, William Booth wrote Dr. Croft a reply, in which he put himself on record once and for all. He informed the president that the arrangement made by the quarterly conference of the circuit was unanimous, and that it wished to keep him for the year as its pastor on his own terms. He had informed the Stationing Committee that he could not take the responsibility of the Newcastle appointment, and yet it persisted in making him do so. In view of what he had said previously, he had felt that when the quarterly conference made a special arrangement it would be agreeable to the Annual Conference Committee. Of course if this was not the case, he was willing to resign; and, painful though it was, he now placed his resignation in the hands of the president. He still loved the New Connexion, and offered his services first to the Connexion churches; should

they refuse him, he would then offer them to others.

On July 19, at a "tea meeting" in the Newcastle Church, he announced his resignation to the people. They were most affectionate and sympathetic, and when Mr. Booth and his wife left the church that night for their home a large portion of the congregation went with them, singing hymns down the road. In spite of their resignation, the Booths retained their interest in the people, and held another meeting for them. Mrs. Booth preached in a tent; and nine people were converted. In a letter to her mother written after the resignation was sent in, Mrs. Booth reveals her great, pure heart; surely no one who reads these words can bring the charge of self-seeking against her.

I feel happier this morning than I have done for three months past. I feel as though my dear husband stood forth as an honorable and unflinching Christian before the world, and I am proud to help him face the difficulties which frown upon our path. I verily believe God will clear our way and smile upon our work. He knows our motives.

Mrs. Booth took the four children and a faithful servant and went temporarily to the home of her mother in London. William Booth, like Abraham, went out not knowing whither he was going. During the seven years that William Booth had been laboring in the New Connexion, not only were hundreds truly converted, but some of the persons converted had gone into the ministry. When Mr. Booth had held his meeting in Chester, a young man named Shone had been converted. He entered the

New Connexion ministry, and now, living in Hayle, Cornwall, had charge of one of their circuits. He invited Booth to come to Hayle and hold a meeting. He was very frank in saying that the prospect was not very alluring; that there was only a small chapel with few members; that it was a small town; and that he could not guarantee a penny in the way of remuneration. I am tempted to wonder how this invitation would strike some of our present-day evangelists: there are too many in this day and age who have degenerated into the rankest professionalism, going into the work just as other people go into the business of selling automobiles or stocks and bonds. We have seen that in the evangelistic meetings held by William Booth the penitents who came to the altar seeking mercy were deeply affected. There was much agony of soul, and a real crying unto God. Men would tarry at the altar, praying and crying far into the night. Many were stricken with the power of the Spirit, and lay prostrate. Like Jacob at the Brook Jabbok, sin-conscious and God-hungry souls wrestled all night with the Angel of the Lord, and cried, "I will not let thee go until thou bless me." Their repentance was deep; they sought God in their own way, and according to the leadings of their own souls, and when they found Him they did it as individuals. But evangelism has greatly improved since William Booth's time—financially. In many cases now it is no longer the coming of the evangelist that is heralded, but that of an "evangelistic party." A good many professional evangel-

ists today travel with a "party," which grows from year to year like an old Chinese mandarin's retinue. In some places the collection for the evangelist and his party is so large that every night the coins are thrown into money-counting machines, and "big business" is done just as it is in a bank. When the final reckoning comes, the evangelist and his party often receive as much for four weeks of service as half a dozen preachers receive in a year.

The invitation to hold a meeting at Hayle without even the promise of traveling expenses, included Mrs. Booth. The preacher said she would be "a great help in the meeting"; so, leaving the four children with her parents, she went with Mr. Booth to this small seacoast town in Cornwall. The "chapel" was a barn which held about six hundred people, but they managed to get nearly twice that many in by the Cornish method of packing in the congregation. Mrs. Booth, writing home, said: "The first-comers occupied the seats, and then another row of people would stand in front of them. The aisles would next be filled beginning at the pulpit stairs, till the whole place was literally gorged. Then the window sills would be besieged, and through the open windows another crowd outside would listen to the echoes of the songs and to such stray sentences as might reach their ears."

The meeting at Hayle was a great success, and Mrs. Booth occasionally preached in the services. The crowds were so great that the Wesleyans opened their large church on Sundays and Wednes-

days to Mr. Booth, while Mrs. Booth held an overflowing meeting in the New Connexion Chapel. The whole town was stirred, and hundreds were converted. While Mr. Booth was holding the meeting at Hayle, he had an invitation from the Rev. Samuel Dunn, who had been minister of the Wesleyan Church at Nottingham during Booth's boyhood. Dr. Dunn had gone to the Reformers, but had left them, and was now pastor of a Congregational Church. He was at last becoming enthusiastic about William Booth and his work.

From Hayle the Booths went to St. Ives, another seacoast town, preaching for the New Connexion. In the meeting there all classes were reached. The meeting lasted from the end of September to January 18; and during that time over a thousand adults, ranging from fourteen to seventy years of age, professed conversion, besides hundreds of children. Men in all walks of life became Christians; among the number were twenty-eight captains of sailing vessels, two members of the town corporation, and three mine agents.

From St. Ives they went to St. Just, where some of the worst characters in the town were saved in a startling way. Conviction spread in every direction, and the public houses were deserted. Mrs. Booth preached at overflow meetings, and was in the very forefront. Whole villages went *en masse* to the meetings, and hundreds were turned away. The revival spirit swept the district like a prairie fire, and with the same amount of heat.

After the St. Just meeting, William Booth decided to spend a few weeks in Cornwall, but so marvelous was his success there that he and Mrs. Booth remained eighteen months. The children were taken to Penzance, where Mrs. Booth rested for a while. It was here that her fifth child, Herbert, was born. In the meantime, the New Connexion Annual Conference, which met in June, 1862, acting under the motion made by the president, Dr. Crofts, and seconded by the Rev. P. J. Wright, accepted Mr. Booth's resignation by a vote of fifty-six to fourteen. This was a blow to the Booths, but they went on with their work, holding their next meeting in Penzance.

And now a strange thing happened. The Annual Conference of the Wesleyan Church, meeting in Camborne, received a petition from the Cornish ministers' district meeting, while the work at St. Just was at its peak, asking that the conference close their churches to Mr. and Mrs. Booth, although this Cornish district had the largest increase of new members of any in the conference; 4,247 members, 2,936 of whom were directly traceable to the labors of these two evangelists. And, strange to relate, the Primitive Methodists passed a resolution strongly urging all their station authorities to avoid employing evangelists; and this in spite of the fact that after eighteen months of their labor more than 7,000 people in Cornwall alone had professed conversion.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth had invitations enough in

Cornwall to last for a long time, in spite of the foolish opposition of the various Methodist Annual Conferences; but there was a more pressing invitation to hold a meeting in Cardiff. The opposition of the Methodist Churches was a good thing in that it drove the Booths to other Churches. God was preparing them for their future work, which was to be among all His people, and here in Cardiff they had to begin their meetings in the Baptist Church, for the Wesleyans would have nothing to do with them. However, the Baptist Church was not large enough, and they made another new departure: they rented the circus. Of course the action of the Methodist Conference was reported by the newspapers, and there was some hostile criticism, one of the writers saying that the Methodist Conference must have had a reason for their action with reference to the evangelists. The attack of the preachers in the newspapers—the Booths were to receive plenty of this sort of thing in the coming years—was at this time a little hard on Mrs. Booth. Writing home she made these pertinent comments:

I hope to live to see a real revival paper. I wish I were clever enough to edit it. I believe there is a good opening for a striking, out-and-out unsectarian periodical, full of rousing truth and revival intelligence. I have not patience to read a lot of the twaddle about missions in China and Australia. As I said in a meeting at Camborne, "What: Is that Christianity which pays missionaries, fits out ships, and prints Bibles at an immense expense to convert ignorant, idolatrous Chinamen, and turns its back on a work like this, in which its own children, servants, friends, and neighbors

are being converted? Is not a Cornish miner as much worth converting as a Chinaman? Will he not make as good, and a little better, Christian on earth and as glorious a saint in heaven? If so, where is the consistency in spending hundreds of pounds to convert half a dozen Chinamen, and opposing agencies which God is owning in reaching the thousands of our own population who are destitute of the means of grace? Is this Christianity? Is it?" I cried as loud as I could lift my voice, "No!" I said "It is mean, narrow sectarianism, and nothing more."

Before the Booths came to Cardiff, the Wesleyans had decided not to let them into their church. If William Booth had not made a deep impression on the town with his preaching in the circus, they would have adhered to their resolution. But nothing succeeds like success, and sometimes the people are wiser than the preacher. It was the people who demanded that the Wesleyan Church should take some part in the meeting; and before long Mrs. Booth was preaching in the Wesleyan Chapel on Wednesday nights. One of her topics was, "The Importance of Consistency in Professors," which is a topic that could be preached on again and again in these times with a good deal of profit.

In Cardiff the Booths met the Cory brothers, Richard and John, ship-owners and coal-merchants. They were very wealthy, and afterward settled a sum of money on William Booth to enable him to continue his work. In fact, they later named one of their new ships *The William Booth*, and gave the profits made by the boat to his work in East London. It was providential, as far as the Corys were con-

cerned, that Booth started his meeting in a Baptist Church, for they were members of that denomination. It was at Cardiff, too, that the Booths met Mr. and Mrs. Billups, rich people who helped them later. Between Mrs. Booth and Mrs. Billups there arose a beautiful friendship which lasted through life.

CHAPTER XIII

WILLIAM BOOTH FINDS HIS DESTINY

AFTER leaving Cardiff, the Booths went to Newport, where they held a great meeting, and then to Walsall, which was near Birmingham. A society of people calling themselves Free Methodists, who, although Methodists, were really strictly independent of the Church government, had invited the Booths there for a meeting. Looking back at the work done in Walsall, we see that many of the methods employed there were eventually adopted in the Salvation Army with profit. For instance, there were open-air meetings and processions. In one of these processions William Booth linked his arm in that of "a navvy with a white slop on," and marched arm in arm with him to the services in the chapel. Then there was the intense advertising; the large bills saying that "Revs. William Booth, Thomas Whitehouse, and other ministers of the neighborhood" would give addresses, "assisted by converted pugilists, horse racers, poachers, and others from Birmingham, Liverpool, and Nottingham." At Walsall, too, there was an organization of those in the Church who made a business of preaching on the streets both there and in the sur-

rounding towns. The members of this organization called themselves "The Hallelujah Band." They wore red shirts and coats with the sleeves turned up, and sang, kept time, and jumped as one man.

In spite of multitudes being converted here, in spite of the 7,000 who were converted in Cornwall, the Booths were penniless at this time. Mrs. Booth, writing home, said that they had not at present received so much as their traveling expenses and house rent; and that they needed money, needed it badly. They needed it to pay for an insurance policy. Winter was coming on, and they needed clothing. They needed to visit a dentist; but where was the money coming from? Furthermore, Mr. Booth was suffering from a badly ulcerated throat and a sprained ankle. In spite of physical limitations, poverty, and added responsibility—for their sixth child, a daughter, Marian, was born May 4 of that year, 1864—the Booths went right on. They were the kind of people that nothing could stop. Booth-Tucker, the son-in-law of Mrs. Booth, who wrote her memoirs, says that although the new baby promised to be one of the finest of the family, she suffered from severe convulsions soon after her birth, which made her a semi-invalid always.

Five weeks after the birth of Marian, Mrs. Booth resumed preaching, and it was decided that she should strike out for herself. She conducted revival meetings in three towns, in the course of which 500 adults and many children were converted. In spite

of her success, Mrs. Booth received many snubs and much disapprobation. She was a pioneer in female preaching, and some of these provincial towns did not understand her at all. Her husband wrote to her that he could understand how folks could be mean to him, but that he marveled that any one could treat her badly.

He was now preaching alone, and having a hard time of it financially. He wrote her of his debts. He owed eighty-five pounds, and was without money. In a moment of need he had bought some gloves, and now he kept them on the mantel in his lodgings in Sheffield to rebuke him for his extravagance. He wanted to visit his mother in Nottingham, but it would cost seven shillings to go there and return, third class. He wrote pathetically, "I would like to have a night there. To go and come in one day would break mother's heart." He made a trip to Bury. There he left his luggage at the station while he tried to get free entertainment. A preacher-friend took him to two homes, but the wives were away, and in their absence the husbands were afraid to invite him to spend the night with them. He finally found a place where he could have a room, but the people were "cold as an ice-house." However, this was the darkest hour before the dawn. The Booths were naturally independent, and did not want to be beholden to anybody. They established their residence at Leeds, and while they were living there Opportunity in shining raiment knocked on the door and beckoned Mrs. Booth to follow her.

Mrs. Booth, as we have seen, had begun her preaching years before this in Gateshead, and had given almost every night to it for years, in Cornwall and the provinces. Of course, there was a great deal about her in the papers, and London heard of her. In 1865, when she was thirty-six years of age, she received an invitation from the superintendent of the Southwark circuit of the Free Methodist Churches, to come to one of the points on this circuit in Southeast London, Rotherhite. She commenced her meeting there on February 26, 1865, continued it until March 15. At that time, nearly seventy years ago, a woman-preacher was a novelty in London, and the large handbills in big type, "Come and hear a woman preach," attracted a world of notice. Crowds flocked to hear her, a great many people were converted, the religious press gave her some fine notices, and the secular press featured her work. She received a good many calls, and a suitable house was engaged in Shaftsbury Road, Hammersmith, where her family could establish itself, and where the heads of the family could rest between meetings. One of the church papers printed an interesting pen picture of this remarkable woman:

In dress nothing could be neater. A plain black straw bonnet, slightly relieved by a pair of dark violet strings; a black velvet loose-fitting jacket, and a black silk dress, constituted the plain and becoming attire of this female preacher. A prepossessing countenance, with at first an exceedingly quiet manner, enlists the sympathies and rivets the attention of the audience.

It was perfectly natural that William Booth should eventually reach London. This wonderful city with its millions of people and its abject poverty was always close to his heart. Besides that, the large cities in every land drain the country of its best: New York here; London there. Years before, when he was carrying on his great revival meetings in Cornwall, and yet was living from hand to mouth, William Booth had one of his periodical fits of depression, and felt that perhaps after all he was a failure as a religious worker. The churches would not have him unless he would turn his back on the heavenly vision and the call of God to evangelize. And even when he could do evangelistic work, he would not earn enough by it to take proper care of his wife and children. At one time, he cast his eyes toward London, and thought of going there to take any kind of a secretaryship, provided it would give him a living. He would preach in his free time. Mrs. Booth, as we have seen, went to London in February, 1865. William Booth was holding a meeting at that time in Louth, Lincolnshire. He was delighted that his wife had been so honored, and he immediately saw the advantage of having his family in London. He probably intended at that time to work out from London on his evangelistic tours. If William Booth had been like most preachers he would have tried to begin his London work in Walworth. He had preached there and, had he moved along the line of least resistance, he would have tried to get an entrance where he was already

known. But always he had one question before his mind in regard to his preaching, "Where can I do the most good?" During the latter part of his evangelistic campaign the only thing that kept the family out of the poor house was the fact that he used to sell at his meetings a song book which he had compiled, and Mrs. Booth's booklet on "A Female Ministry." Curiously enough it was a firm of publishers which invited him to hold his first meeting in White-chapel, East London. He began services in the abandoned Quaker burial ground there on Sunday, July 2, 1865, less than six months after Mrs. Booth had gone to London. The word "booth" is from a Teutonic root meaning a "temporary structure, or tent," and by a strange coincidence William Booth began the work which was to extend around the world in a tent. He described after a visit to this section at night what was deep down in his heart:

When I saw these masses of people, so many of them evidently without God or hope in the world, and found that they so readily and eagerly listened to me, following from open-air meeting to tent, and accepting, in many instances, my invitation to kneel at the Saviour's feet there and then, my whole heart went out to them. I walked back to our West End home and said to my wife:

"O Kate, I have found my destiny! These are the people for whose salvation I have been longing all these years. As I passed by the doors of the flaming gin-palaces tonight, I seemed to hear a voice sounding in my ear, 'Where can you go and find such heathen as these, and where is there so great a need for your labors?' And there and then in my soul I offered myself and you and the children up to this

great work. These people shall be our people, and they shall have our God for their God."

Mrs. Booth, telling of this later, said the first thing that happened was that the devil whispered to her, "This means another departure; another start in life." She and her husband had lived from hand to mouth, getting their meager subsistence from the small collections given by the respectable church members; but these poverty-stricken East-enders could not contribute anything if they would. However, she was "game." She said nothing for a moment, but prayed; and then finally answered: "Well, if you feel you ought to stay, stay. We have trusted the Lord once for our support, and we can trust Him again."

All through the years the hope of doing work of this nature had been in William Booth's heart. Here there was no foundation started by others for him to build upon. More than two thirds of the people in that section never went to church, but spent Sunday in idleness and drunkenness. At that time White-chapel was one of the toughest sections of London, and the atheism of the place was appalling. Many of the people not only "disbelieved in God; they hated Him; and they reviled Jesus as a weak hypocrite." There were others who had never heard a sermon in their lives, hardly knew who Jesus was, and who were callously indifferent to Him and His teachings. One of Mr. Booth's first converts was an old Irishman, a prize-fighter. He tells of meeting him on July 26, 1865, three weeks after he had

begun his work. This old fellow was in training then to fight in the back of the Blind Beggar saloon, a place which was to figure quite prominently in the annals of the Army in after years. He saw a tall man whom he took for a preacher, for he wore a white choker and a silk hat, and who was, he thought, strange to the place. This preacher, who seemed to be lost, looked at the prize-fighter for a while and said very sadly, "I am looking for work. I've got no place to put my head in." The Irishman was about to give him some money when the preacher pointed to the crowd outside of a public house just opposite, and said, "Look at those men; look at them!—forgotten by God and man. Why should I be looking for work? There's my work over there looking for me. But I've got no place where I can put my head in." Said the Irishman, "You are right, sir. Those men are forgotten by God and man, and if you could do anything for them, it would be a great work."

The old Irish prize-fighter, in recounting this incident afterward to Harold Begbie, said, "What made me say that? Sure, it was just the man's external appearance." And here he gave an unbiased and interesting picture of William Booth: "He was the finest looking gentleman ever you saw; white face, dark eyes, and a great black beard over his chest. Sure, there was something strange about him that laid hold on a man. Well, he told me he was preaching in the Mile End Road, and asked me to come and hear him, and to bring some of the boys

along with me; and I promised him that I would." And he did. After his fight he went to the tent, was converted, preserved order at the meetings both for Mr. and Mrs. Booth, became their coachman and all-around handyman, and for years was with Mr. Booth every day. He became one of the first managers of the soup kitchens which Mr. Booth soon started. This is an example of the way William Booth attracted and held people.

CHAPTER XIV

FROM PILLAR TO POST

WILLIAM BOOTH used often to say, "There is one God, and John Wesley is his prophet." He was all his life a worshiper of Wesley. John Wesley preached his last sermon on February 23, 1791, in Leatherhead, London. The day before, he had preached in City Road Chapel. His last sermon was from the text, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." On Wednesday, March 2, John Wesley died at his home in the City Road. One of the last things said by this flaming apostle of God was, "The best of all is, God is with us." It is significant that William Booth came into the neighborhood of City Road, and there began preaching a gospel which, like the message of Wesley, was used by God to spread Scriptural holiness not only over England but over all the world; a message which has revitalized the Churches of Christendom. William Booth was a follower of Wesley, and more than a follower: he was his natural successor. Wesley wanted to elect his successor in his lifetime, but could never find him. If William Booth had been living in that day, Wesley would have instinctively placed his hands on the man from Nottingham.

When William Booth began his meeting in that dilapidated tent, he announced that he intended to establish "a Christian Revival Association." He hoped that a hundred Christian people, interested in the salvation of the lost, would help him to secure something more stable than a tent; a central building in which to preach the gospel. He published this appeal in *The Christian* of London, and the editor endorsed his request in these words: "The condition of the East of London is more appalling than that of any other spot of the same extent under heaven. The dregs of sin and misery not only from this metropolis and these British Isles, but from all quarters of the world, are precipitated here. And God knows the laborers are few; but, few as they are, their hands are tied for want of means."

However, far from receiving help from the Christian people, he lost even the old tent. Some roughs cut the ropes one night, and it was so damaged in falling that it was not possible to use it again. All there seemed to be in the midst of this moral maelstrom was the sullen indifference and criticism of the churches, and the physical opposition of the publicans and roughs in Whitechapel.

It was a case of any port in a storm, when the old, rotten tent went to pieces, and the port for the Sunday meetings was a dancing saloon. People danced in it Saturday night and until early Sunday morning, then the converts carried the benches from

a warehouse to the hall. The hall seated about six hundred people, and was always crowded. The dancing-master was also a photographer, and those who went up to the "studio" had to pass through a room which led into the hall. They often stopped and listened to the meetings. Sunday was a pretty busy day for this apostle to the poor and his followers. They would conduct at least three open-air meetings and three processions, which led to three meetings in the hall. In spite of being cribbed, cabined, and confined between dancing and photography, they had the most wonderful and amazing results in the conversion of sinners. This Christian Revival Association was not simply a Sunday-go-to-meeting affair, as, unfortunately, so many of our churches are. There were meetings every night in the week, for which an old wool warehouse in the worst part of Bethnal Green was used. There were probably leftover memories and reminders of the wool that used to be packed in this warehouse, and there was an ancient, fat, familiar smell about it suggestive of the over-crowding of sheep. In summertime, the evangelists were literally between two fires: if they closed the windows and doors of the warehouse, it was too hot; and if they opened them, the boys and bums in the street threw fireworks through the openings, and laid trains of gunpowder from the door inward. It is said that when the fireworks exploded and the powder flashed, the people inside met this demonstration by shouting "Hallelujah." Of course, the

fireworks and gunpowder was supplemented by stones and mud.

But even the old wool warehouse and the dance hall were only temporary, for in those days Booth and his followers were kicked from pillar to post by those who were afraid they would get a foothold and do something for the downtrodden. Especially were the liquor people fearful. They did everything in their power to make trouble about the meeting places selected by the Booths, hoping to discourage them and force them to leave East London. As far as the street meetings were concerned, the police sided with and were even worse than the publicans. Very often when the Booths had started an open-air meeting, and were gathering a good crowd, a policeman would come along and order them to move on, charging that they were obstructing a thoroughfare. George S. Railton, who was one of the earlier workers, and the first Commissioner in the Salvation Army, said that instead of looking to the police to protect them from the toughs on the street who tried to break up the meetings, they feared the sight of a policeman, for the guardian of the law meant interference with the work.

The very year that William Booth began his East End Mission, one of the most remarkable of the Booth children came into the world. As a special Christmas gift Evangeline, the seventh child, was born. Among the old Hebrews seven was the perfect number. Without making any invidious distinctions, for all the children of this extraordinary couple

wrought gloriously, Evangeline was destined to excel them all. She seemed in a remarkable way to combine the strong qualities of both her father and her mother. Mr. Booth gives an extremely interesting account of his work at that time.

One of our first halls was an old chapel, called Holywell Mount. A fine place it seemed, after the wretched holes and corners to which we had been accustomed. Still, it never answered our purposes, perhaps just because it had been a chapel.

Then we had a stable up a court leading off the White-chapel Road. We had it cleaned, whitewashed, and fitted up, and from its situation we were full of hope of seeing great results. But alas, we counted our chickens before they were hatched, as others have often done before us! After the first meeting or two we were summarily ejected, the room next to us being occupied by a sparring club, and our exercises disturbing theirs. They were old tenants, and, their work being more in sympathy with the publican proprietor, there was nothing for us but to get out.

From the beginning we were always picking up people in the roads from all parts of London, nay, from almost every corner of the globe, some bent on business and some on pleasure. They would follow our processions to the halls, get saved, and then invite us to the quarter where they lived. In this way we went to Old Ford, to a carpenter's shop; to Poplar, to a shed, between which and some stables and pig styes there was only a wooden partition. The stench which oozed through the open cracks was enough to have poisoned us all.

Then we took a covered skittle-alley in Whitechapel, where they bowled and gambled and drank and swore on week-days, while we preached and prayed and sang on Sundays. A movable platform was constructed over the square

upon which the pins usually stood, and on it, or in front of it, I have seen as many as twenty people kneeling at once, and weeping as they sought salvation.

W. T. Stead says that it was not until 1857, when William Booth secured the Effingham Theater in Whitechapel, that his work became firmly rooted with some prospects of permanence. The Effingham Theater had a vile reputation as a playhouse, but as far as the building was concerned it was exactly what the Army needed. Strange as it may seem, yet it was not strange, for the wickedness of East London horrified people all over the world, a rich Irishman of Dublin, a Mr. Bewley, gave £5,000 to the Evangelization Society of London to relieve the spiritual condition of the poor of that city. This Society gave from twelve to fifteen pounds a week in helping Booth pay the rent. The large auditorium of the theater was filled, and hundreds were converted every Sunday.

Just at this time a Headquarters was established. At 188 Whitechapel Road, a notorious saloon and dance hall, called the Eastern Star, was burned down. Mr. Booth got hold of the lease—he was a wide-awake business man—and rebuilt it according to his needs. In the front was a bookstore, in the back was a large hall, and upstairs were rooms for classes and committees, and for prayer meetings.

Soon after this Mr. Booth established a branch in another neglected part of London, Shoreditch. Railton, the first Commissioner of the Army, and its early historian, gives an interesting, picturesque,

and we might say pungent, description of this preaching place, "behind the pigeon-shop."

"Scarcely behind the pigeon-shop, though, for the entrance to the shop was the same as that which led to the little room behind, so that those who went into the one might very easily be supposed to be going into the other, and yet the two places were very different. The pigeon-shop, filled with pet birds and animals of every description, and always full of the peculiar stench which such places alone produce, was as dirty and disagreeable a spot as one could well imagine, although the people who kept it were so much in their element there that they lived, ate, drank, smoked, and slept in the self-same apartment wherein they carried on their business, Sundays and week-days alike. And this was not in some far-off island, or even in a dark, unseen nook of some ancient borough. It was—one almost fears to name the name, lest all the halo of surprise should at once depart—it was in Sclater Street, just one minute's walk from Shoreditch.

But if you were not inclined for birds or white mice, and passed by these attractions, you could certainly have found something far more wonderful at the end of the little passage and across the yard, where a large pen of fowls kept up a ceaseless chatter. There was a little room scarcely twenty feet square, lit mainly in the daytime through a little skylight, the low ceilings supported by pillars intended probably to insure the safety of the workshop above. The floor-boards were in such a state that they gave way sometimes beneath your feet; the drainage was defective; and in summer-time the room was almost unendurably hot. Nevertheless, whoever will receive the testimony of those who knew the place best, produced mainly in their own words, will, we are sure, be satisfied that in this little place God Almighty wrought wonders such as the power of His Spirit alone can accomplish."

On April 28, 1867, the eighth child, a daughter,

Lucy Milward, was born. Like her sister Marian, she had a weak constitution, but she was exceedingly bright mentally, and had a genius for music. No one who has ever heard Salvationists sing her beautiful songs, "Keep on Believing," and "While the Light from Heaven is Falling," could doubt the fine quality of her soul. In spite of bodily weakness, she gave a long life of service to the Army, working in India, France, Switzerland, Denmark, and Sweden, where she married a Salvation Army leader named Hellberg, who died in 1909.

Again we marvel at the greatness of Mrs. Booth. She was married at the age of twenty-six, and in a little less than twelve years had had eight children. In addition to the discomfort caused by the spinal affliction, she endured after her marriage all the hardships and privations incident to the life of a preacher's wife. She cared for her children, taught Sunday School, visited, conducted class-meetings, preached, wrote articles for the church papers, and wrote booklets. On her deathbed she said, "It seems to have been my special lot to suffer. I can scarcely remember a day in my life which has been free from some kind of pain or other." Before the birth of her eighth child she was so ill and so wasted in flesh that she was "reduced to a shadow." She had a case of chronic stomach trouble, which brought her down to the gates of death, and which the best doctors could not cure. So serious was her condition that the members of the Mission engaged in special prayer for her recovery; and who shall say that

their prayers were not answered, since at that time she stumbled upon a simple remedy, which brought relief and saved her life. She was always more or less nervous, and at this time it is said that the barking of a dog, the rattle of a carriage wheel, even the chirping of a sparrow outside her window, would bring on a terrible case of insomnia. And yet she would get up from a sick-bed to go out and preach for an hour or more.

And right at this juncture she assisted her husband in a most remarkable way, and helped to make his work in East London possible. Of course, it was William Booth who went to the poor and neglected of that section, but, as a matter of fact, the churches and the general public knew more of Catherine Booth than of her husband at this time. She was holding meetings before large gatherings of representative people in various parts of London, and she was making a friend of the Mammon of unrighteousness who would help furnish the sinews of war. It must not be believed for a moment that Mrs. Booth ever did any compromising. She never coddled the rich, nor prophesied smooth things for them. While her husband was with the down-and-outers in Whitechapel, she was holding large meetings in other parts of London among the fashionable people. Her daughter Emma, who as a little girl used to go with her to the meetings, said that she used to sit there and tremble as her mother delivered scathing denunciations of the sins of society. She felt sure that the audience would never

come back, and used to say to her mother when they got home, "I think, mamma, you were a little too heavy on them today." Her mother would answer, "Aye, you are like the rest of them; pleading for the syrup without the sulphur. I guessed that you were feeling so." She put "His Grace, the Duke of Rackrent, and the Right Honorable woman seducer, Fitz-Shameless, and the gallant Colonel Swearer," and the rest of the aristocracy on the pan, and toasted them to a crisp—and made them like it. Not only did she have the fashionable folks and the rich, but she had the influential society leaders and members of Parliament out to hear her. She was a long, long way ahead of her time. Here is a part of a speech she delivered in 1865, when she was thirty-six years of age.

One of the greatest employments of every Christian government and community is to train thousands of men, not to fight with their fists only, in the way of inflicting a few passing sores, but with weapons capable, it may be, of killing human beings at the rate of so many per minute. It is quite a scientific task to study how to destroy a large vessel with several hundred men on board instantaneously. Talk of brutality! Is there anything half as brutal as this within the whole range of savagery?

But, against all this, modern Christianity, which professes to believe the teachings of Him who taught us not to resist evil, but to love our enemies, and to treat with the utmost benevolence hostile nations, has nothing to say. All the devilish animosity, hard-hearted cruelty, and harrowing consequences of modern warfare are not only sanctioned, but held up as an indispensable necessity of civilized life; and in times of war patronized and prayed for in our churches

and chapels with as much impudent assurance as though Jesus Christ had taught "But I say unto you, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and return evil for evil; hate your enemies and pursue them with all the diabolical appliances of destruction which the devil can enable you to invent."

Alas, alas! Is it not too patent for intelligent contradiction that the most detestable thing in the judgment of popular Christianity is not brutality, cruelty, or injustice; but poverty and vulgarity? With plenty of money you may pile up your life with iniquities and yet be blamed, if blamed at all, only in the mildest terms; whereas one flagrant act of sin in a poor and illiterate person is enough to stamp him, with the majority of professing Christians, as a creature from whom they would rather keep at a distance.

Such words were not delivered to be smart or truculent, but merely because she thought the people to whom she talked needed them. Often when she was speaking in the West End, people would come to her in the anteroom, before the service, and say that Lord This, and Lady the Other, or such and such popular ministers were in the audience. Her heart would beat faster, but as soon as she got out and looked into their expectant faces and thought of their needs, she realized that they needed the truth; and as soon as she opened her lips to speak, her nervousness left her. She was not unto them "as a very lovely song, of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well upon an instrument"; she *was* a voice unto them—a voice and a conscience.

In 1868 the members of the Mission were preaching in thirteen different places in East London: in Whitechapel, Shoreditch, Poplar, Bishopgate, Lime-

house, Spitalfields, Cambridge Road, Millwall, and other points. They had accommodations for 17,000 people altogether; they were holding 140 services out of doors every week; and they were reaching over fourteen thousand persons with the message of salvation. Besides that they were visiting from house to house, selling tracts, holding temperance meetings, night schools, day schools; they had reading rooms, penny banks, soup kitchens, and relief depots giving out bread and meat, and lending small sums of money. All of this cost about fifty pounds a week, for which they had to depend on voluntary offerings.

In October, 1868, they started their first weekly paper, *The East London Evangelist*, and Mr. Booth and his wife did all of the work on it. This little paper was the grandfather of the *War Cry* and other publications, which now have a weekly circulation of nearly two million, and are leaves of healing for all the nations. Mr. Booth was in poor health at this time, and he was struggling hard to get a permanent place "to put his head in," for he was merely renting everything he was then using. For weeks he had been working to raise £3,000 for the purchase of what was then called the People's Theater, in Whitechapel. The response had been slow, painfully slow, and it was another case of hope deferred which maketh the heart sick. The People's Theater was not exactly what he wanted, but he felt that it was the best that he could hope for; however, he could not get it.



CATHERINE BOOTH
"The Mother of the Salvation Army"

Before this Mrs. Booth had preached in Tunbridge Wells at Dunorlan, the estate of a wealthy philanthropist, Mr. Henry Reed, a devoted Methodist, who had made a fortune in Australia and had built a large hall on his estate where he could hold meetings for the people in his neighborhood. He invited Mrs. Booth to hold a meeting there, and was so impressed with her preaching that he grew interested in the work of her husband. He was a good man, but he was of the type who wanted to control things. He spoke to his wife about helping the Booths financially, and then showed his mind by a natural remark, "They'll be hard to hold, but they are worth the trouble." He found that this was true when he became acquainted with Mr. Booth, for they differed, and a coolness arose between them.

On December 31, 1868, William Booth, who was holding a watch-night meeting in the Mission, received a telegram urging him to take the last train for Tunbridge Wells, because Mr. Reed had something very important to talk to him about. Mr. Booth went to Dunorlan, and Mr. Reed quite took his breath away by informing him that he was negotiating to secure a suitable site, near the old Quaker burial ground in Whitechapel, for £4,000, and that he would build a hall there capable of seating 2,000 people, to cost between six and seven thousand pounds. Mr. Booth was almost overcome with surprise. He was renting a theater on Sundays, for it was against the law for theaters to open on Sunday in England at that time, and to this Mr. Reed

had objected, saying that the money put in the pockets of these theater people for Sunday rent helped them to carry on their soul-destroying work during the weekdays, which proved that Mr. Reed looked at things from one angle and Mr. Booth from another, for Booth believed that the use of the theater on Sunday gave him a glorious opportunity to save people. Mr. Booth evidently thought that Mr. Reed was trying to secure a new site to solve the difficulty of using the theater.

At first all Mr. Reed wanted was the right to conduct an occasional service, to which he might invite some of his friends. Doubtless the quick thinking and highly imaginative leader built that preaching hall and headquarters in his mind in an instant, and the whole project spun before his vision as a soap bubble sparkles in the sunlight. How wonderful it was! Here was the culmination of all his dreams. He had been pleading and begging and praying for £3,000; and there was a man offering to give him three times that amount at a stroke of the pen. It all seemed too good to be true—and it was; for, after he had outlined his plan, Mr. Reed showed that there was a string attached to it. He had a condition, and that condition was the joker in the whole business. It seemed simple and innocent enough, but it was a very precarious proposition. A weak man, a cunning man, a man who loved money, an unwise man, would have snapped up the offer; but William Booth, honest and guileless, was building for eternity; and he was so chuckful of good,

hard sense that he could see through a mirage in a moment. Mr. Reed's proviso stated that, if at any time the conduct of the Mission did not please him, the property should revert to him. The offer was rejected instantly, and William Booth was wise in rejecting it. He knew that, if he accepted it, the leadership of the work would pass out of his hands. Politely, but quietly and firmly, he told Mr. Reed that the offer must be declined. He went home to his wife and told her what had happened. She saw through it without any explanation, and replied, showing the genuineness of her own soul and the crystal clarity of her unselfish motives, "With a great price obtained we this freedom, and we will not sell it,—no, not for twenty thousand pounds." The next day the Booths received a letter from Mr. Reed in which he stated that he had talked the matter over with his wife, and that he would not make any further move. He was fully persuaded in his own mind, and must be ruled by the Word of God according to the light he had, and he could not think of spending £10,000 unless the way was clear as the noonday sun. He wrote that he would pray for them, but that he could not give them any money just then.

At this time the Booths moved to 3 Gore Road, Hackney, in order that they might be nearer the East London Mission. They left Mr. Reed severely alone, for they were too busy and independent to run after anybody. Finally Mr. Reed, who had thought things through by that time, and had evi-

dently come to the conclusion that the Booths were not for sale, called on them at their home in Hackney, and settled an endowment of £5,000 on Mr. Booth without any condition whatsoever.

Without discussing Mr. Reed, we cannot but reflect on the attitude which rich men and women take toward the work of God. They frequently seem to think that their gifts of money to the Church give them a right to dictate its policy. The one thing that William Booth needed for his work at that time was money, but he had too much principle to sell his soul for it. If he had taken the offer of Mr. Reed, there never would have been a Salvation Army; his work would have died a-borning. Let the people know that a work is in the leading-strings of a millionaire and that is the end of its influence. If William Booth had accepted this offer, Mr. Reed would have considered him a weakling; and the first time that something happened which he did not like, and in those days something unusual was occurring every minute, he would have pulled the string, put the building back in his pocket, and blossomed out himself as a preacher in that hall—for a brief time.

CHAPTER XV

THE BIRTH OF THE SALVATION ARMY

What the Army Believes

IN 1869 Mrs. Mumford, Mrs. Booth's mother, died at their home, after a painful illness of two years. In spite of her other pressing duties, Mrs. Booth did all she could to care for her mother, and William Booth was kindness itself to the sufferer.

In 1870 the East London Mission became the Christian Mission, for, like Jacob's vine, the work had overreached the wall, and was spreading out, a branch having been started at Edinburgh, Scotland, the year before. In that same year the long-coveted People's Market in Whitechapel was leased, and here for twelve years a great work was done, not only for the souls of men, but for their bodies; a large soup kitchen was opened, fulfilling William Booth's idea of bringing to the people the three S's: soap, soup, and salvation. In this year Mr. Booth was stricken with a virulent attack of rheumatic fever, and Mrs. Booth took his place, just as she had done years before in Gateshead.

Mr. Booth now published a book entitled, "How

to Reach the Masses with the Gospel." There was an edition of 5,000 copies, which sold with difficulty, and barely covered the cost of publication, for the books were low priced. A copy fell into the hands of a young man who was studying for the Wesleyan ministry, George S. Railton. He investigated Booth's work, and joined him, becoming later the historian and first Commissioner of the Salvation Army.

Social work on a large scale was first undertaken by William Booth on his own personal responsibility in 1872. He wanted to establish in East London places where the poor could buy a meal of three courses for sixpence, and where soup could be purchased at any time of the day or night. He had seven such restaurants, and he made his son Bramwell, then a boy of only sixteen, his manager. Speaking of this period Bramwell says that his father, who was always worrying about financial affairs, prophesied ruin. He succeeded for six years, but in 1878 competition from big business concerns became too great, his managers were discontented, and he was forced to close the restaurants.

From 1870 to 1874, the work moved slowly, doubtless because of the illness of both Mr. and Mrs. Booth. However, some new towns were opened to their preaching. Portsmouth, for example, and Catham; and in 1874 at the Annual Conference of the Mission workers in June, there was one feature which was a radical innovation: women were admitted as representatives. It was always far from the intention of William Booth to found a new

Church. At first he advised his people to go to the churches, but there were three main obstacles: "they would not go where they were sent; they were not wanted when they did go; I soon found out that I wanted them myself."

It will be recalled that John Wesley made the City Road Chapel his headquarters, in 1778, one hundred years before the Salvation Army was born. The building he selected became concrete evidence that a new Church had come into existence, although Wesley did not intend it to be so. However, in 1784 Wesley wrote in his journal, "A kind of separation has already taken place, and will inevitably spread, though by slow degrees." William Booth found that the Churches did not want his converts. In 1784 Wesley had said, concerning the Methodists who had left the Established Church, "Their enemies provoke them to it, the clergy in particular, most of whom, far from thanking them for continuing in the Church, use all the means in their power, fair and unfair, to drive them out of it."

A symptom of Bourbonism is the inability of an individual or an organization to learn a new thing. It was a characteristic of the clergy of that time.

The Mission was trying to assimilate the people it had taken in. Mrs. Booth said, "With regard to the future of our work I say now, as I said again and again before, let us prefer quality to quantity. Let us take care what Gospel we preach; let us mind our doctrine. Again, let us care for our converts. Work to be worth much must be husbanded." How-

ever, the 1874 Conference showed that they had 265 unpaid preachers, who had held in the previous year over 10,000 outdoor and indoor services, and that there had been over 3,000 professed conversions.

The year 1875 was one of hard labor, and of intense suffering, for the Booths; and it is a wonder, considering their physical disabilities, that the work went on. Mrs. Booth developed a severe case of angina pectoris, which almost took her life; while her husband, already suffering from severe rheumatic pains in the knees, was thrown out of a vehicle in a runaway accident, and his legs so severely hurt that it was thought he would be a cripple for life. However, the Lord brought them out of it all.

It is interesting to note that this year saw the first of the Deed Polls which are now regarded as forming the Constitution of the Salvation Army.

At the annual conference of the Christian Mission, William Booth submitted and carried a Trust Deed, which allowed for the formation of a body comprised of evangelists with equal powers to his own in the management of its affairs. The study of this Deed clearly shows that the leaven of Methodism was still strong in William Booth, for he copied as his pattern in this matter, the Constitution of the Methodist Body, as laid down by John Wesley. After three years of trial, William Booth found this method of government unworkable, and as is shown later, at the gathering of 1878, he boldly dissolved the Conference and assumed dictatorship of the

Mission. The results certainly justified this bold step.

During the Christmas holidays of 1877, William Booth was preparing his Annual Appeal for Aid for the Christian Mission. He was walking up and down the room, dictating; Railton was writing, and Bramwell was sitting with Railton at the table. In the circular they were sending out was included the question, "What is the Christian Mission?" Railton wrote, "A volunteer army"; Bramwell objected to the term "volunteer," saying that he was "a regular or nothing." This caused them to pause, and Mr. Booth, leaning over Railton's shoulder, scratched out the word "volunteer" and wrote above it "salvation." They all recognized the word as an inspiration, and in that moment the Salvation Army was born. Of course other things followed. The leader of the Army became "Captain." This was a word in common use in England, applied as it was to captains of fishing fleets and other vessels and to leaders in the mines. Since the Conference had previously passed a resolution prohibiting the workers from using the title "Reverend," and inasmuch as the organization was an "army," other military titles were in order, such as Sergeant and Corporal, and they were soon used. Those higher up were known as Majors, and finally a Captain Cadman designated Mr. Booth as "General."

About this time Bramwell Booth, who was directing the office work of the Mission, had some letter-heads printed with the title, "General William Booth." These new letter-heads were a surprise to

his father, and the first time he saw one he took his pen, drew a circle around the word "General," and wrote, "This title is too pretentious. Can it not be altered?" William Booth did not select for himself the title of General, nor did he ever manufacture for himself position and honors. It was a natural evolution, and inasmuch as the trend was toward the military in titles, he was forced to acquiesce in the use of this one.

In that year, the Stations were changed into "Corps," and the Army adopted a flag, the colors of which were designated by the General, and intended to be emblematic; the blue border typified holiness, the scarlet body represented salvation through the blood, the yellow star in the center tokened the fiery baptism of the Holy Ghost, and the motto, "Blood and Fire," across the star, blazoned the two great doctrines of the Army: Salvation and Sanctification.

It was with a peculiar joy in this year of 1877 that Mr. and Mrs. Booth observed their children going into Army work. Bramwell had been engaged in it for some time, but this year Emma began her work, as did the second daughter, Catherine—called later the Maréchale, because of her leadership in the Army work in France—who commenced a series of meetings in Manchester. It was now at last that William Booth came into his own, after twelve years of hard, discouraging, almost heart-breaking work in the slums of East London. He was then forty-nine years of age.

The years from 1874 to 1878 were trying ones, testing times. Physicists have in their laboratories enormous machines to determine the breaking-point of minerals and metals. Huge blocks of granite taken out of the very heart of the Rocky Mountains and used to uphold great sky-scrappers can be put in these machines and tested by the physicist. The same thing can be done with a huge bolt of steel. Physically we all have a breaking-point, and spiritually only one out of a thousand, or perhaps ten thousand, has a structure that can resist extra strong pressure. But if William Booth had a spiritual breaking-point it was never discovered, although for four or five years he was subjected to every conceivable pressure. The rich, the influential, the lowly, even his own converts and his helpers were all tightening the screws. It was a time to try a man's soul, and many of those who started out bravely enough with him in this Christian Mission, left him. Like his Master, he could turn to only a faithful handful, and say, "Will ye go away also?" And I am firmly convinced that if they had gone he would have continued alone.

One of the most pathetic prayers of St. Paul was that he might be delivered from unreasonable men. The false brethren who came into the early Christian Church troubled the great Apostle to the Gentiles more than the soldiers of Cæsar. The Judaizers who took offense at the preaching of the cross of Christ, and who wanted the Christians to become circumcised, and to obey the law of Moses, making Christianity an appendage of Judaism, were a thorn

in the flesh of the great Apostle. Early Christianity had its doldrum period, and so did the Christian Mission. Especially in the Greek and Roman cities Christianity made its first converts among the lower classes. When the Apostles came preaching a crucified and risen Christ, the Saviour, they did that which the dying pagan religions could not do: they put something dynamic into the lives of men and women. Drunkards, murderers, harlots, libertines, thieves, were redeemed through the preaching of the Cross and began to live a new life. And some of them were too free with their opinions, when it came to the administration of the affairs of the Church, as witness the Church at Corinth. There is a cure for everything except the meddler's itch, and verbosity, which always goes with it. You can put a man afflicted with the disease of talk on the operating table and separate him from his entire table of contents, leaving him as empty as the pockets of a poor preacher on a second of the month, and he will come out of the anaesthetic talking; for there never was an instrument which could separate a gibbering man from his vocabulary.

At the time of which we write, the Christian Mission was passing through such an experience. It was in danger of being talked to death. Janitors, cheap clerks, servants, and others occupying lowly positions in society, who never ventured more than "Yes, sir; thank you, sir" to the people they worked for, would get up in the business meetings of the Mission, which were held quite often then, and indulge

in endless discussions. They had to talk somewhere, and as they had no voice in their daily business, they reveled in inflicting themselves on others here. It must be remembered that at the beginning of the Mission Mr. Booth could not train his own converts quickly enough to carry on his rapidly spreading work. As he was a Methodist at heart, a follower of John Wesley, and had been a Methodist preacher for seven years, it was natural that he should turn to the Methodists to help him carry on his work; so he advertised for workers in the Methodist papers. A good many superannuated or retired Methodist preachers, some local preachers, others that were rated as "active" but could be called so only by courtesy, answered the call. Most of these men preferred preaching to eating. They never ran down vocally in a business meeting, and they halted all progress with their silly objections; and in the open air and in the devotional services in the halls they talked so tiresomely that Mr. Booth had to make a rule that no one should speak over five minutes. And then these ex-preachers, who had been trained to do things through committees—that was the way they worked in their chapels and their Conferences—attempted to control not only the Mission, but William Booth, with a committee. The Liliputians were trying to tie the giant down with a network of threads. William Booth knew something about committees—he had had experience with them in the Methodist New Connexion. He had weighed them, and found them wanting. And he was a strong

man. Some people have accused him of being a despot. If that is so, he was a benevolent one; and right at this time he had to be a despot or nothing. He did the only thing that he could do; the thing that the sensible men and women around him, who did not want to see his work ruined by these talkers, advised him to do. He drew up some rules which caused these wordy ineffectives to gather up their wounded sensibilities and depart, and thus saved the great work God had called him to do. In August, 1878, he drew up the following Rules, which have had a far-reaching effect.

The Mission shall be under the superintendence of the Rev. William Booth, who is spoken of hereafter as the General Superintendent.

The General Superintendent shall possess the power of confirming or setting aside the decisions and resolutions of any of the Official, Society or other meetings held throughout the Mission, which in his judgment may be in any way prejudicial to the object for which the Mission was first established.

The General Superintendent shall, when present, preside at all Meetings throughout the Mission, unless he desires otherwise; or, in his absence, he may, if he deem it necessary, depute some person to preside in his place.

The said William Booth shall continue to be for the term of his natural life the General Superintendent of the Christian Mission, unless he shall resign such office.

The said William Booth, and every General Superintendent who shall succeed him, shall have power to appoint his successor to the office of General Superintendent; and all the rights, powers, and authorities of the office shall vest in the person so appointed upon the decease of the said William Booth, or other General Superintendent appointing him, or

at such other period as may be named in the document appointing him.

It shall be the duty of every General Superintendent to make in writing as soon as conveniently may be after his appointment, a statement as to his successor, or as to the means which are to be taken for the appointment of a successor at the decease of the General Superintendent, or upon his ceasing to perform the duties of the office, such statement to be signed by the General Superintendent, and delivered in a sealed envelope to the Solicitor for the time being of the Christian Mission; but such statement may be altered at will by the General Superintendent at any time during his continuance in office upon a new statement being signed by him, and delivered, as before mentioned, to such a Solicitor as aforesaid."

In the year 1896, while talking with Gladstone, who was then the English Premier, Mr. Booth explained how he nominated his successor by writing his name in an envelope, and depositing it with the Army lawyers. Gladstone said that one would have to go back to the 16th century to find an example of the system of personal nomination similar to that; even the Pope was elected by a College of Cardinals. Mr. Gladstone said that in the case of a General dying without naming his successor, or in a case of heresy, some one ought to be delegated to act for him. Mr. Booth then told him of subsequent legal additions made on July 26, 1904, to take care of these very points, as well as to guard against physical or mental incapacity. The Commissioners were empowered to act in such a crisis, and were given power to depose a General and elect a new one. We have recently seen a great deal in the

public press concerning the selecting of a General by the Commissioners.

There was also issued at this time an interesting doctrinal statement, labeled, WHAT SALVATIONISTS BELIEVE. The principal Doctrines held by the Salvation Army are, in the following text words, set forth in the Foundation Deed, dated August 13, 1878:

1. We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament were given by inspiration of God, and that they only constitute the Divine rule of Christian faith and practice.

2. We believe there is only one God, who is infinitely perfect, the Creator, Preserver, and Governor of all things, and who is the only proper Object of religious worship.

3. We believe that there are three Persons in the Godhead—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—undivided in Essence and co-equal in power and glory.

4. We believe that in the person of Jesus Christ the Divine and human natures are united, so that he is truly and properly God, and truly and properly man.

5. We believe that our first parents were created in a state of innocency, but by their disobedience they lost their purity and happiness; and that, in consequence of their fall, all men have become sinners, totally depraved, and as such are justly exposed to the wrath of God.

6. We believe that the Lord Jesus Christ has, by His suffering and death, made atonement for the whole world, so that whoever will may be saved.

7. We believe that repentance towards God, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit are necessary to Salvation.

8. We believe that we are justified by grace, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and that he that believeth hath the witness in himself.

9. We believe that a continuance in a state of Salvation depends upon continued obedient faith in Christ.

(N. B.—We believe that the Scriptures teach that not only does continuance in the favor of God depend upon continued faith in, and obedience to, Christ, but that it is possible for those who have been truly converted to fall away and be eternally lost.)

10. We believe that it is the privilege of all believers to be 'wholly sanctified,' and that their 'whole spirit and soul and body may be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.' (1 Thessalonians v, 23.)

(N. B.—We believe that after conversion there remain in the heart of the believer inclinations to evil, or roots of bitterness, which, unless overpowered by Divine grace, produce actual sin; but that these evil tendencies can be entirely taken away by the Spirit of God, and the whole heart, thus cleansed from everything contrary to the will of God, or entirely sanctified, will then produce the fruit of the Spirit only. And we believe that persons thus entirely sanctified may, by the power of God, be kept unblamable and unreprouvable before Him.)

11. We believe in the immortality of the soul; in the resurrection of the body; in the general judgment at the end of the world; in the eternal happiness of the righteous, and in the endless punishment of the wicked.

In November, 1878, it was finally decided to adopt uniforms, and that is when the red sweaters of the Hallelujah Band were remembered. It is said that in the question of the uniform for the lassies, Mrs. Booth took a great deal of interest. We have noticed that in their own home she was careful as to the dress of her children, guarding them against the slightest suggestion of worldliness in their attire. All through her life she dressed with becoming modesty,

and in her public addresses she constantly delivered terrific blasts against immodest and unchristian dress. Some of the members of the Mission still wore dress suggestive of the world, while others, in an attempt at simplicity, were making themselves ridiculous by going to an extreme. Mrs. Booth wanted to devise a distinctive dress, and yet an attractive one. At that time women were wearing poke bonnets, and she herself drew a model of the "hallelujah bonnet" which has attracted attention all over the world, and has framed many a shining, attractive, happy face.

CHAPTER XVI

THE CRYSTALLIZATION OF EARLY TRENDS

ANOTHER argument, if any were needed, for William Booth's taking control of the Christian Mission, and its successor, the Salvation Army, is the fact that when the work began to spread, every problem, whether it was large or small, financial or spiritual, was referred to him. He had to make the decision in every case. However, all the talk about his despotism is nothing but misinformation mixed with considerable misunderstanding. It takes a strong man to get work done in spite of protests and petty objections. No one now objects to Cromwell's turning the Rump Parliament out, locking the door and putting the key in his pocket. John Wesley was the same kind of man. He was called "Pope John" in his lifetime. He maintained over his societies the rule of a dictator, and this rule was highly personal. He was the court of last resort. A Czar of all the Russians was not more absolute. Today Mussolini exercises in Italy not one half of the power that Wesley had over his people. But Wesley's rule was non-political and purely spiritual. However, there was nothing unusual or unreasonable in this wielding of the scepter. Wesley was in

close touch with the people he ruled over. He wanted to do in 1773 what William Booth did a hundred years later. The only trouble was that Wesley could not put his hands on the right man for his successor. In a letter which he wrote in June, 1773, to Fletcher, the rector of Madely, he said, "I see more and more that unless there be one leader the work can never be carried on. The body of the preachers are not united, nor will any part of them admit to the rest. Either there must be one over all, or the work will indeed come to an end."

And this was written hard on the heels of a "Covenant of Agreement" which Wesley signed with his followers. One hundred and one preachers put their name to a document pledging each other to provide for the organic survival of Methodism after Wesley's death. In a letter to Fletcher, Wesley described the type of man he wanted to succeed him and to take over all authority after his death. He must be, said Wesley, a man of faith and love, with clear understanding, with a knowledge of men and things, with some degree of learning, and with a tolerable share of health. In the conclusion of his letter Wesley asked Fletcher, "Has God provided one so qualified? Who is he? THOU ART THE MAN!" But Fletcher refused. He was far from robust, and the germs of tuberculosis, the cause of his death a few years later, were already invading his frail system. If he had been strong physically, the same thing would have happened in Methodism that happened in the Salvation Army.

It is simply a waste of time to censure a man like William Booth, surrounded as he was by untrained and untried men, for taking things into his own hands. Power naturally flows to the man who knows what to do with it. It is worthy of note that just as soon as William Booth assumed full authority, especially after he launched out boldly, he got out of the doldrum and went sailing along at a lively clip, every inch of the canvas being crowded with power and motion.

But this movement no sooner settled one problem, than another one, different, but just as perplexing, appeared. It will be remembered that old Dr. Samuel Johnson tried to get a patron to publish his books in his days of struggle, but patrons for a struggling literary genius at that time were no more numerous than philanthropic bond-brokers are now. After he had established himself by his own genius and efforts, a rich Lord Somebody-or-other offered to be his "angel." Johnson took occasion in the preface of his Dictionary to tell this person just what he thought of him, and asked the rather pointed question, "Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man drowning and calling for help, and when he reaches the land encumbers him with help?" Up to this time, none of the Churches had been over-energetic in offering aid to Booth and his followers. In some cases it seemed as if he was right in thinking that the priests and Levites not only refused to help the wounded man, but were anxious to punch the head of the good Samaritan.

Some of the leaders in the Church of England, no doubt with the best intentions in the world, were solicitous for the Army's welfare, and began to file their objections to the Army's attitude toward the sacraments. Having been brought up in the Anglican Church, and spending most of his life from the time he was fourteen until he was thirty-five in the Methodist Church, studying for four years the books prescribed by the Methodist New Connexion for undergraduate ministers, William Booth had a decided leaning toward the sacraments—baptism and communion. It is a matter of history that the Christian Mission in its infancy was really an independent Methodist Church, although the Booths and none of the members regarded it as such, and neither did the outside world: it was exactly similar in spirit, in doctrine, and somewhat in practice. For instance, in the early days the Mission administered baptism and the Lord's Supper. Bramwell Booth says that he baptized many an infant; in some cases he sprinkled as many as thirty at one service, and so did many other leaders, whom, like Bramwell, had never been ordained. The Lord's Supper was usually administered on the first Sunday morning of each month. When Bramwell Booth became a responsible official of the Mission, in 1874, this was the custom, and in some services hundreds received the Supper at his hands. He was the last officer of the Army to administer it to their people.

The first objection to the administration of the sacraments in the Mission arose in the mind of

Catherine Booth. She was an intense believer in the life of holiness, and was afraid that participation in the sacraments would be substituted by some for a life of personal holiness. She did not wish a ceremonial to take the place of the work of the Holy Spirit, being convinced that thousands would seek God if they were not "benumbed by sacramentalism."

Bramwell Booth, who gives an interesting account of this controversy in the Mission before it was taken up by the Established Church, says that his father approached the matter from a different angle than his mother. Catherine Booth was more of the mystic. She had a good deal of Catherine of Sienna in her make-up. It is possible that if she had been leading the Mission the most devoted mystics of all time would have sprung up under her leadership in England; but there would have been no Salvation Army. William Booth, while somewhat of a mystic himself, was decidedly a utilitarian. He wanted to make saints, but he wanted to convert the whole world. He wanted to save people first and sanctify them later, for they couldn't be sanctified until they were saved. Like a man plowing a field extra wide, he had a flag set up at what was to be the end of the furrow, and he plowed straight for that flag. The first thing he wanted to know about any question was, would it help or hinder in reaching the great goal?

There were bickerings in the Mission about the Lord's Supper. Converted drunkards did not want

to get a taste of real wine for fear it would arouse again the appetite for strong drink in them. On the other hand, pious church people who were sacramentalists originally, did not like the idea of drinking diluted jelly and calling it wine, for unfermented wine was not on the market at that time. Others again wanted to use plain water. Then there was the question as to who should administer the sacrament. Some of the converts would not take it except from regular preachers, and those could not always be found. Others would not take it from women. Then, who was going to choose the local administrator? Railton, according to Bramwell Booth, was from the very beginning in favor of abandoning *all* ceremonials. If the preaching of the Army was true, and a man could be saved without the Supper, then the Supper was only one means of helping him. Railton went to the extreme of arguing that the freedom which Christ gave to the believer absolved him from all ceremonies. While the Founder and Mrs. Booth did not go quite so far as Railton, they did believe that a man could be saved without the sacraments; that a life of personal holiness which made all life a sacrament, was sufficient; and that the greater included the lesser. They were both, the Founder and Mrs. Booth, anxious to do anything which would put an end to the discussion of the question in the Mission.

There was another angle to the situation, which was that a good many of the Army converts had been members of the Established Church, and when

they thought of the Lord's Supper they naturally associated its administration with their own Church. Some of them, in the early days of the Mission, sought to partake at their parish churches, but those who had not been formally confirmed were refused.

After the Booths decided that they would not administer the sacraments in their work, they received overtures from some of the leaders in the Established Church. Dr. Benson, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, while agreeing that the Army should not undertake the administration of the sacraments, was of the opinion that the converts ought to be encouraged to seek them, especially the eucharist. But the Army could hardly urge its converts to follow such a procedure, unless it admitted that it could not itself give them everything needed for the Christian life.

In the early days of Methodism, the followers of Wesley had as much trouble with the Established clergy on the question of the Lord's Supper as the Salvationists did. When the Methodists repaired to the Established Church in the days of their spiritual infancy to partake of the Lord's Supper, they frequently found either a clergyman who was not right morally, or an intolerant zealot who refused to let them partake. Even John and Charles Wesley themselves were more than once driven from the Lord's table. In Bristol, in 1740, the Methodists were repulsed with unanimity by the clergy of that section, according to an agreement they had made with each other. That is one reason that the Methodists in

Bristol had a legal existence long before their brethren in other sections. Of course John Wesley was a sacramentarian, and he was horrified at the idea of any one administering the sacraments without previous ordination. He managed to prevail upon clergymen here and there to administer the sacraments to his people, but in many places it took a good deal of "managing." Methodism was growing by leaps and bounds, and the question of the sacraments for his Societies harassed Wesley no little. He appealed to Bishops of the Established Church to ordain one of his helpers for the purpose of administering them; but they refused. When a delegate went all the way from America to England to be ordained in order that he might administer to the people over here, he was kept waiting two years. This case became not only notorious but laughable; And Benjamin Franklin held it up to fine scorn in these words: "A hundred years hence, when people are more enlightened, 'twill be wondered at that men in America, qualified by their learning and piety to pray for and instruct their neighbors, should not be permitted to do it till they have made a voyage of six thousand miles to ask leave of a cross old gentleman at Canterbury." And add to that this: the Established Church believed that without the sacraments duly administered by one duly ordained by a Bishop in apostolic succession, salvation was impossible. Now try to reconcile this dogma and their actions.

The Army was disposed to spiritualize these two

sacraments. Its members lived a life which was a unit, and not one divided into compartments. They regarded every meal as a sacrament, and they felt that if they had been baptized with the Holy Ghost it made up for any lack of water baptism.

Speaking of the soldiers going to the Established Church for the Sacraments, we are reminded of an incident told by Bramwell Booth in his "Echoes and Memories." After paying a tribute to Dean Church of St. Paul's Cathedral, he tells of going there on one occasion from Army headquarters, which was only a stone's throw away, and trying to arrange for a service for the members of the Army. Bramwell did not propose that any leader of the Army should take part in the service; on the contrary he suggested that Dr. Lightfoot conduct the worship, while Canon Liddon should preach the sermon. Dean Church was worried immediately at this suggestion. He anxiously inquired whether most of the Army folks, being working people, did not wear hob-nailed boots. Bramwell thought it likely that they did; and immediately the Dean, with a great deal of sorrow, however, announced that it could not be done, as St. Paul's had just been repaved at a great cost, and he feared the marble might be scratched. Bramwell said, "Surely you would not consider that a sufficient ground for keeping them out of a place set apart for the national recognition of religion!" But the Dean had his mind made up, although he meant no offense. This incident is an excellent argument for the existence of the Salva-

tion Army. It was Cardinal Manning of Westminster who stated that the sin and degradation of London called the Salvation Army into being; and it was these working men who wore hob-nailed boots who justified its separate existence, for in a Salvation Army hall they could dress as they pleased and wear any kind of shoes they liked, and still be perfectly welcome.

In 1882 the Army received a tremendous baptism of fire. Railton, in his "Life of William Booth," says that at that time the General and Army were pretty generally condemned whenever they were mentioned by the press, the pulpit, and the civil authorities. In that year alone no fewer than 699 officers and soldiers—251 of them women, and twenty-three children under fifteen years of age—were brutally assaulted, either while marching in the streets, or at meetings in their own halls; and eighty-six—of whom fifteen were women—were imprisoned. Fifty-six buildings were stormed, and partially wrecked. Most of the rioting took place under the eyes of the police.

One of the worst riots occurred in Sheffield. The General called a Council of War for this place, and Albert Hall, seating 3,500 people, was engaged for the occasion. It was crowded on Sunday, with the General and Mrs. Booth leading the meetings. There were a great many good people in this steel manufacturing town as well as a great many hoodlums, who were facetiously called the Sheffield "Blades." Years before, Charles Wesley had had some dealings

with the Sheffield Blades, and said that they were perfect specimens of brutality. Three generations had passed since then, but the supply of hooligans had not diminished in that time; neither was their unnatural strength weakened. Of course, they never went to church, and had no use for religion. The unusual sight of many persons attending religious services in one place on a Sunday put the Blades of this steel town on their mettle. They would show these Salvationists that they did not care for any of their religion. Monday had been set for a monster Army procession in the main part of the town. Thousands crowded the line of march to see this unique religious demonstration, and the Blades were among them. The Army came down the street with a brass band in front of the carriage in which rode General and Mrs. Booth. One of the local leaders, Lieutenant Davidson, who had been a champion wrestler, was on horseback, as was Major Cadman, the Grand Marshal. These men on horseback, the band, and General and Mrs. Booth were special targets. Mud, sticks, and brickbats were thrown at the procession. Davidson was hit on the back of the head with a short stick and was nearly killed. General Booth, standing up in the carriage to direct and hearten his mud-bespattered and brick-showered soldiers, seemed to have a charmed life, for although plastered with mud, he was not hurt. Riots also broke out at Ipswich, Bath, Guildford, Arbroath, and Forfar. On one occasion Mrs. Booth appealed to a magistrate for protection, and he advised the

Army to give up their processions, saying that they could meet in the fields. She reminded him that they wanted the people and the people were not in the fields. The magistrate then asked her what the Army would do if they were forbidden the town and their soldiers put in prison, and what would she answer the magistrates who condemned them. She replied, "The old answer will do: 'Whether it be right to obey man rather than God, judge ye.' Didn't the magistrates come down on Paul and Silas, and didn't they forbid them to speak any more in that Name? And what notice did Paul and Silas take of it? So it must be with the Salvation Army."

These riots outraged that British sense of justice which resides in all high-minded Englishmen; and John Bright wrote from the House of Commons, on May 3, 1882, to Mrs. Booth, the following: "I suspect your good work will not suffer materially from the ill treatment you are meeting with. The people who mob you would, doubtless, have mobbed the Apostles. Your faith and patience will prevail."

In the House of Lords, Archbishop Tait of Canterbury defended the Army, trusting "that it would be able usefully to supplement the efforts of the regular clergy in affording spiritual aid to the great mass of the population." While Lord Coleridge, in an appeal to the court of the Queen's Bench, speaking of the Salvationists who had been put in prison, said: "To inflict an ignominious punishment of hard labor on men simply because they are religious enthusiasts is a thing not to be tolerated."

Persecution and the rising of mobs against the Army was nothing new in London. The same sort of thing had occurred off and on from the very beginning of the work, and some of the General's earliest associates say that he could not have gotten a start at all in Whitechapel if it had not been for that Irish prize-fighter who was one of the first converts, who was well known on his native Whitechapel heath and who used to walk around the open-air ring while the General was preaching and throw the fear of the Lord into all the listeners by quelling some of the worst offenders who tried to start a disturbance. He also kept order in Mrs. Booth's services by throwing out any one who tried to get rough. However, the publicans organized "skeleton" or "skellington" armies, which periodically attacked the processions, or the meetings in the halls, with mud, sticks, stones, decayed eggs, and vegetables.

In June of this same year, following the epidemic of riots in March and April, there was trouble in London. Out on the City Road was The Eagle, public house and gambling joint, to which was attached the Grecian Theater. It was one of the toughest spots in town. The property at this time was for sale, and General Booth bought it for £16,750, of which amount the poor converts of the Army raised at least £3,000. On the day the Army marched to take possession of this former sink of iniquity, the worst element in London, armed with sticks and stones, attacked the procession. It is said that for

some months thereafter the place had to be guarded by police with drawn clubs. Booth's life was in danger on several occasions. Finally, there was a suit in the Court of Chancery. Booth had taken an assignment of an under-lease of a public house and he must be restrained from any breach of the covenant. He won this action, but the ground landlord raised a question on another point, and the Army lost the use of The Eagle. However, it retained the Grecian Theater, and it is said that during its first three months there 1,800 persons sought salvation.

Bramwell Booth tells an amusing incident which occurred during this trial. The judge was bitterly prejudiced against the Army and the General. When Sir Edward Clark, the Army lawyer, asked the General if he had not met with opposition, the General replied, "Yes; the devil is always ready to oppose." Thereupon the judge thundered out gruffly, "We don't want the devil in here."

In this memorable year of 1882, while the mobs were doing their worst, there was a movement among the clergy of the Established Church both for and against the Salvation Army. It is not surprising that there should have been a certain amount of antagonism to the Army on the part of some of the scholarly and sensitive men of the Established Church. In a Church where everything is done decently and in order, where the ritual, especially of the High Churchman, is refined to a point of superaestheticism, the hob-nailed boots of the mob,

the "Hallelujahs," the "Happy Elizahs," the "Converted Janes," the rattling of the timbrels, the blare of the slip-horns, and the bang of the drum are contrary to the Established Church's conception of religion. However, not only clergymen and a Bishop here and there, but many more lowly persons felt that their delicate sensibilities were afflicted by the gaucheries of some purported and some real words and actions of the Salvation Army. Of course, most of the things said about the Army existed only in the fertile imagination of people who viewed it from a distance for fear of catching something. Lies were told regarding alleged secret services—"creeping for Jesus"—which some of these good men were afraid would lead to the grossest immoralities. Having gone through a Salvation Army training school, and having lived with Salvationists day and night for years, I can vouch personally for the fact that, if there is any place in Christendom where immorality is not encouraged, and where its slightest indication is punished summarily, it is in the Salvation Army. A man with evil intention in his heart would last in that organization about as long as a paper doll in a hurricane.

Objection was also made by the Established clergy to the excitement generated in the Army meetings. They did not like to hear people yelling "Glory" and "Hallelujah." They did not like to see them jumping up and down or falling in a faint. They regarded some of these physical manifestations as an evidence of immorality. They just didn't know

church history. They forgot that their own folk were doing the same thing a hundred years before in the Wesleyan revival. Some people fainted during the preaching of John Wesley; others had fits or an attack of the "jerks"; many groaned aloud; and still others claimed to be possessed by demons. They forgot the dancing mania in England in the 14th century, and in France in the 16th century. This excessive mental excitement was no proof of a deficiency in morals. As to the lies told about the Army with regard to secret holiness meetings, it must be remembered that all kinds of falsehoods were told of the Apostolic Church, especially regarding the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, where, the pagans said, human blood was used. Every new movement has to suffer from a certain amount of slander, and the Army was no exception.

However, the leaders of the Church knew that there was a great deal of good in this new movement, and in 1882, Dr. Thomson, then Archbishop of York, wrote to the General asking how far it was possible for the "Church to recognize the work of the Salvation Army as helping forward the cause of Christ consistently with our Discipline?" Shortly afterward, the Lower House of Convocation petitioned the House of Bishops to issue some general instructions outlining the attitude of the Church to the Army. The General was invited to a discussion, at which he met such men as Dr. Benson, then Bishop of Truro and afterward Archbishop of

Canterbury, Canon Westcott, of Westminster and of the University of Cambridge, Dr. Lightfoot, then Bishop of Durham, Canon Wilkinson, afterward Bishop of St. Andrews, and Dr. Randall Davidson, then the Bishop of Winchester and afterward Archbishop of Canterbury. In the discussion Dr. Davidson represented Dr. Tait, the Archbishop of Canterbury. Dr. Lightfoot in the discussion paid a powerful tribute to the Army, saying, "Shall we be satisfied with going on as hitherto, picking up one here and one there, gathering together a more or less select congregation, forgetful, meanwhile, of the Master's command, 'Go ye into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in'? The Salvation Army has taught us a higher lesson than this. Whatever may be its faults, it has at least recalled to us the lost ideal of the work of the Church, the universal compulsion of the souls of men."

These negotiations went on for some time, and some of the Bishops, particularly Benson and Davidson, visited, sometimes by appointment, and sometimes unannounced, the meetings of the Army.

It is quite likely that Bramwell Booth and Railton did more to prevent a union between the Established Church and the Army than the Founder did. Railton, who came to the United States in 1880, had pictured the Army from its beginning as a world-wide enterprise, and he was afraid of anything that would interfere with that end. He was probably wise, for the Church of England could not so easily have adapted itself to every country and to the poor

and the outcast as did the Army. The question of the sacraments also stood in the way. The Founder was now definitely set against any teaching as to their vital necessity. The Bishops, on the other hand, were from the beginning adamant in their attitude regarding the authority of the Church and the necessity of certain doctrines. The result was that the negotiations fell through. Had they succeeded, there would have been an immediate advantage to the Army in that it would have been possible to raise speedily all the money necessary for its advancement; but this union could not have taken place without William Booth's authority being either greatly curtailed or hampered, which would have been a calamity that no amount of money could have atoned for. After these negotiations failed the Church raised its own army, called the Church Army, which has met with only fair success.

On December 27, 1879, the first copy of the *War Cry* was printed on an old press, General Booth struggling with the machinery. This was his own venture, and he stood personally responsible for it. On the other hand, he refused to appropriate the earnings of this valuable paper. An example of self-denial.

In 1880 the Founder, being a disciple of Wesley, began to say in the language of the man he admired so much, "The World is my parish." The fruitful vine was again overreaching the wall. In 1879 a family named Shirley emigrated from Coventry, England, to Philadelphia, and held some Salvation

Army meetings there in an old chair factory. Mr. and Mrs. Amos Shirley were soldiers in the Salvation Army, and their daughter, Eliza, had served several months as an officer. They wrote back to the founder urging him to send officers to open the work formally, and in response General Booth sent George S. Railton and seven girl officers, who were promptly christened "The Hallelujah Lassies." They sailed on February 14, 1880, for New York. At what was called their farewell meeting in the White-chapel Hall, on the night of February 12, these missionaries wore the now famous full Salvation Army uniform for the first time. Mr. Railton had a cap with a red band around it, on which, in white letters, were the words "The Salvation Army." He had on the "Blood and Fire" red sweater, and a blue suit with the Salvation Army insignia on the turned-up military collar. The women wore their "hallelujah bonnets," red shirtwaists, blue jackets, and blue skirts. Two Army flags were presented to them, for they were going to open work in New York and Philadelphia simultaneously. They received a characteristic American greeting on landing in New York. A manager of a theater asked them to appear on the stage, promising to pay them for doing so. They agreed to do it, and, to the surprise of the owner and the audience, they held a Salvation Army meeting.

In 1881 the Army entered Australia, in 1882 France, Switzerland, Sweden, India, and Canada; and the same year the first work among prisoners,

in the form of the Prison-Gate Home, was opened in London. In 1883 the work spread to South Africa and New Zealand, and in 1884 the women's social work was inaugurated.

CHAPTER XVII

"THE MAIDEN TRIBUTE OF MODERN BABYLON"

ONE proof of the genuineness of the conversion of the Army members, of the common soldiers down in the ranks, was their holy zeal for others. From the very beginning General Booth made very definite demands upon them. He went far beyond the requirements for simple membership in even the Methodist Churches. When he was a minister in the New Connexion, he fought unsuccessfully for a membership stipulation which would exclude from future membership in that Society saloon keepers, distillers, and brewers. Ministers of the New Connexion Church, which was supposed to be an improvement in holiness on the heritage left to his people by Mr. Wesley, stood up on the floor of an Annual Conference and even lauded saloon keepers. The Christian Mission refused membership not only to saloon keepers, brewers, and distillers, but to every one who was not a total abstainer. It went further, and refused membership to any one who used tobacco, any one who sold obscene books or pictures, or who indulged in unbecoming dress. Another rule was that the converts had to go to work, giving as much time as possible for the

salvation of the lost; and sympathy and practical help in time of poverty, affliction, and bereavement had to be shown to their fellow members and to all who needed it. The Founder and his family gave their followers a shining example of helping others. Their home was constantly open to people in distress.

In one of the slum corps in London there was a woman soldier, the wife of a baker. She was a motherly woman, the very type to whom other women tell their troubles. It was natural that girls in the slums who were treading the primrose path of dalliance were attracted by the lively music of the hymns and the sound of the drum, and strove to enter the straight and narrow way. They would tell their stories to this woman, and because she wanted to, and because it was the duty of a Salvationist, she tried to provide the economic bridge so necessary when a girl quits a life of shame and tries to turn to righteousness. But soon her little home was too small to take care of all the girls coming to her. The attention of the Army officials was attracted, and they established a "rescue home," putting Mrs. Bramwell Booth, the wife of the Chief of Staff, in charge. Mrs. Booth was Florence Soper, the daughter of a physician, who belonged to an old Devonshire family. She was converted in London under the preaching of Catherine Booth, the Army Mother, and was sent to France in 1881. She and Bramwell Booth were married in 1882. When the home was opened, the girls who crowded it told

this fine, sensitive woman the most horrible stories imaginable concerning their careers. She was so distressed by these stories that she could not sleep at night, and her pillow was wet with her tears. Naturally she confided in her husband, who hated to believe that such horrible things could be true in his country. Then too, his long life of contact with the submerged made him dubious concerning their veracity, for many of them get in the habit of exaggerating their difficulties, and some of them, who have lost all sense of shame and decency, are proverbial liars. However, many others are simple enough to tell the truth, and we know that "the oldest profession in the world" is spawned in hell, and grows up surrounded by conditions which uninformed people would declare to be unbelievable. It would take a genius like Dante, who could combine all of the worst passages in his "Inferno" into one, to describe the life thrust upon these unfortunate girls.

Bramwell Booth did not rush into the fight against what was going on, which was to affect the Army and the Founder so tremendously. And we shall see that the Founder deplored the situation because of what followed. He did not seek an entrance into this ancient quarrel, but, once in, so bore himself that the adversary ever after feared him.

More with the idea of comforting his wife than anything else, Bramwell Booth consented to hear what these girls were telling. They told straightforward stories and gave names and addresses which

could be checked up. Investigators went to work, and found out not only that their stories were true, but also that the half had not been told. In the midst of this investigation an incident occurred which caused Bramwell Booth to go farther.

When he arrived at Army Headquarters one morning, he found a seventeen-year-old girl in a bright red silk dress, with disheveled hair and a wild look in her eyes, waiting for him. She was at Headquarters before the doors were opened. She had a terrible story to tell. She was a simple country girl, who had been brought up by her grandparents. Her grandparents were of the poor but respectable type, who, living in rural England, knew nothing of the wiles of the city. Because the girl was strong and husky, they felt that she ought to go out to domestic service. They answered an advertisement in a London paper, and the girl came to the city to enter service, bringing a trunk with her. The lady who received her almost drowned her in a sea of syrup, she was so excessively nice to her. The first thing her mistress did, after giving her this hearty welcome, was to present her with a flaming red silk dress such as other girls in the house were wearing. This country lassie thought for three or four days that she was in domestic service. One night the lady made her attend a music hall with her, and the next night a man called and tried to force his attentions on her. She repulsed him, and barricaded herself in the kitchen, repelling all efforts of the man and the landlady to enter the room.

About three o'clock in the morning the landlady told the man to let her alone for the present: "She will come to her senses at breakfast time—they usually do." When the house settled down to sleep, the lassie remembered that she had in her trunk a Salvation Army hymn-book with the address of the Army Headquarters in London in it. She crawled out of a window and escaped with the hymn-book. Inquiring the way of a policeman she walked, while it was still early in the morning, from Pimlico to Queen Victoria Street, and waited at Headquarters until the doors opened. It was a splendid tribute to the Army that this country girl said to herself in her extremity, "Here are folks who care." After hearing her story, Bramwell Booth gave her shelter in the Army home. The details were investigated and confirmed, and her trunk brought from the address she gave. At just this time, another girl, fourteen years of age, but about to become a mother, told a horrible story of how she had been virtually sold into slavery, and ruined by an older man. Bramwell Booth wrote:

"For months past I have been overwhelmed with the burden of shame and sorrow which the diabolical crimes against the children of the poor, recently brought to light, have laid upon me. For many weeks I was as one living in a dream of hell; the cries of outraged children and the smothered sobs of those imprisoned in living tombs were continually in my ears. I could not sleep, I could not take my food; at times I could not pray. And it was during the agonies of that time that I resolved that, no matter what the consequences might be, I would do all I could to stop

these abominations; to arouse public opinion to agitate for the improvement of the law, to bring to justice these adulterers and murderers and to rescue the poor victims."

At that time, in 1885, the age of consent was thirteen. For years there had been some agitation of the question, led primarily by Mrs. Josephine Butler, wife of Canon Butler of Winchester Cathedral, who had, in her travels all over the continent, noted the awful condition of girl prostitutes, and detected an international traffic in girls. Three times the House of Lords had passed a bill raising the age of consent to fifteen, and twice the House of Commons had turned it down. It was again before the Lower House in this year of 1885. As far as the majority of the cabinet was concerned, it was anxious to keep away from this subject. The premier, Lord Salisbury, and his right-hand man, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, in their program for the remainder of the session, made no reference to the criminal law amendment bill, and the Opposition had taken no notice of it. The bill would never have been passed by the House of Commons, if what we are about to tell had not happened.

Bramwell Booth knew that he had to move very cautiously. He got in touch with Mrs. Josephine Butler, who had given a great part of her life to the study of the question, and also with an attorney, Mr. Benjamin Scott, then Chamberlain of the City of London. Mr. Scott told him that he could believe everything he had been told, and that he could tell him some things that he still did not know. Even

the police winked at these things. The farther Bramwell Booth went into the matter, the more he began to see the viciousness not only of prostitution, but of something the existence of which he had never suspected: the continental traffic in women—white slavery. He knew that the House of Commons would do nothing unless public opinion was brought to bear upon it. Mr. W. T. Stead, who was attracted to the Salvation Army in its early days, was now editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, London. Publicity was the one thing needed, and Stead was the man who could give it. Stead hesitated. He was only an editor, he did not own the paper. He had been in office only a short time, and did not yet have the necessary following in London; still, he was game. He decided to investigate. He heard the story of four girls and of an older woman who had been a brothel-keeper, but had been converted by the preaching of the Founder. Their testimony aroused him to such a degree that he smashed his clenched fist down on the table in the room and uttered an explosive "Damn!," and agreed to go minutely into the situation, and then to publish an article in his paper. After conference with Mrs. Butler and others, it was felt that first-hand information must be obtained. A beautiful young Salvationist volunteered to live in a brothel for ten days and report what happened. She was provided with money to keep the landlady from throwing her out when she resisted the advances made to her. What she saw in those ten days, and the awful stories she told of

girls of thirteen and thereabouts, added a great deal of fuel to the flames.

In order to prove this case beyond peradventure and to publish an editorial which would sting the lazy conscience of the House of Commons and the people of England as with a whip of scorpions, Stead had to go deeper down. The searching investigation which he conducted brought many things to light. He was like a man in a swamp: the farther he went, the deeper he found the mud and mire. His findings were the same as those of the government officials who had studied the question for ten years. The House of Lords had a committee to report on this subject, and one of them declared that the white slave traffic "surpassed in arrant villainy and rascality any other trade in human beings in any part of the world, in ancient or modern times." The same authority, Lord Dalhousie, said that "Upward of twenty procurers had been at work in England to the knowledge of the police since 1875." This was ten years before. Stead felt that it was necessary to prove up to the hilt that you could buy for immoral purposes a girl just over thirteen years of age for five or ten pounds. In order to do this Stead and Bramwell Booth thought out a plan which was put into execution on the Derby Day of 1885.

The plan was that an ex-brothel-keeper, Rebecca Jarrett, who had been converted some time before and joined the Salvation Army, and was living at the home of Mrs. Butler, and who had in her sinful days bought many a child, should go to some

woman whom she knew and buy a child. The child should be taken to a procuress, who would certify her to be a virgin, that being one of the stipulations usual in such transactions. Then the child was to be conveyed to a house of ill-fame, where Stead had engaged a room, and he was to be left alone with her for an hour or so. The girl was then to be taken by a Salvation Army woman straight to a specialist, who was to examine her and furnish a certificate of her virginity. This was done, and the next morning Bramwell Booth received the child at Charing Cross Station, London, and a Mrs. Combe took her to Paris. As soon as the child was received in Paris, Stead published on the front page of an extra of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, July 6, an editorial entitled "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon," which shocked all England. This extra sold so quickly that the price jumped from a penny to half a crown; that is, from two to sixty cents a copy.

After the publication of Stead's article, both the Founder and Mrs. Booth went to work. Like a burning torch and flaming fire they went up and down England. It must be admitted that the Founder had not been looking for anything like this. His idea of setting the world right was to get people converted, and he thought that everything else would follow. He had so expressed himself; but now he was aroused on this one subject as never before. He saw the necessity for more rescue homes, and immediately £20,000 were raised for this purpose. He knew that public sentiment was the only thing which

would move the House of Commons, which had trifled with this subject for ten years. There was evidently something sinister back of this long continued moral obtuseness of the Commons. Up and down the country went the Founder and Mrs. Booth, holding meetings. Mrs. Booth spoke in Exeter Hall, which was crowded to the guards. She spoke in the Free Trade Hall in Manchester and in the Prince's Hall in Piccadilly; and, in addition, she wrote letters to Queen Victoria and to Gladstone. In seventeen days the workers secured 393,000 names on a petition asking that the age of consent be raised to sixteen. This huge petition, measuring in length two miles, draped with the Army colors, was carried into the House by eight uniformed Salvationists. The House rose as one man to see it.

Early in August, less than a month after Stead wrote his editorial, on the motion of the Home Secretary himself, the Commons raised the age of consent to sixteen years, by a vote of 179 to 71. Never before had one editorial so influenced the nation. But this was not the end of it all, and what followed was to try severely the soul of the Founder.

The child in Paris, Eliza Armstrong, wrote back to her mother. The letter was intercepted, and Stead published it to show the innocence of the child. Though called by another name in the *Pall Mall*, a childish rhyme which the child's mother remembered that the girl knew, caused her to say, "That's my Eliza." The mother went to an enemy of the Army and swore that the child had been abducted,

not bought. A rival newspaper came out in screaming headlines asking for the indictment of Stead. The Founder, writing to his wife at that time, penetrated the situation when he said, "The government has felt so bespattered with these revelations that they have felt compelled to discredit them before the world."

Knowing the hatred of the underworld of vice, of the publican, the distiller, and the procurer toward the Army, he wrote also, "Now there are a lot of scoundrels who would find money for anything to get at our throat." He was correct. The machinery was set in motion to do a horrible thing. They had caught in a trap the troublers of their peace. In his "Maiden Tribute" editorial, Stead not only asserted that the girls of thirteen were bought for five pounds or less, but in order absolutely to prove the statement he stated that *he* had done so himself, and he gave just enough detail to fasten this horrible charge in the mind of his readers. What more proof did they want? A vice ring usually has long arms, and as many as Briareus, and it sticks its slimy fingers, dripping with blood but filled with baubles, into the most unaccountable pockets. It often has the high and mighty aiding it, as well as the lowly and degraded. A judge on the bench at that time let the cat out of the bag: "The Armstrong case will smash the Salvation Army."

Stead, Bramwell Booth, Rebecca Jarrett, Mrs. Combe—the lady who had transported the girl to Paris—and one or two others who had a hand in

the affair, were all brought to trial. In studying the life of the General, I have never found anything that worried him quite so much as Bramwell's arrest. There may have been reasons for this which no biographer has given. While he appreciated Stead's services, he never fully trusted him. The General was a man who could not tolerate halfway people. He wanted Stead to join the Army, but Stead would not do it, saying that he could do as much good outside. Booth probably felt also that the publication of the child's letter which led to her identification and the subsequent arrests, was unnecessary. He loved Bramwell as the apple of his eye. If there was any partiality shown, it was for him—although the General loved all his children. He had Bramwell selected as his successor, as the world was to find out later. Nothing must harm him or impair his influence. He was terribly wrought up. In a public meeting at this time, he is quoted as saying, "If they imprison my son, I will go around this country and stir up the people from one end to the other." He was afraid also that all the enemies of the Army would consolidate and would cripple, if not actually destroy, the movement. He felt as never before that he was standing in the midst of a spiritual Armageddon, battling for the Lord. Mrs. Booth was heart-broken that people who had tried to do good for humanity should be treated as criminals.

The case was heard in the celebrated Old Bailey, the Bow Street Court, London. Bramwell Booth, in

writing about it, says that all the blackguards in London must have assembled in Bow Street on the morning the case opened. When he was recognized, he was dragged out of a cab and maltreated, and rescued with difficulty by the police. After that, he and the others went to and from the court sessions in a police patrol. The excitement was electric. The presiding judge evidently went into the case with his mind made up against the defendants. The Attorney General had personal charge of the prosecution, and he made it as hard as possible for the defendants. Stead consistently refused to take a certain line of defense which his lawyers advocated, on the ground that it would not be entirely candid. The judge insisted throughout all the trial, which occupied twelve days, that motive had nothing to do with the law. However, as the trial progressed an aroused public opinion exerted a tremendous lateral pressure. Bramwell was found not guilty. Stead was found guilty and given a sentence of three months, but not at hard labor. Rebecca Jarrett was subjected before the trial and during it to great cruelty. She was suffering from an incurable disease of the hip, and needed medical attention. She was given no attention, was thrown into a cold and unfurnished cell, and was compelled to lie with nothing but a rug between her and the cold, hard brick pavement. She was denied bail all during the trial, while a prostitute who was arrested as a white-slaver during the trial was given bail immediately. She was subjected to a grueling examination by the

Attorney General, and given a sentence of six months, but without hard labor, for public sentiment caused the court to relent.

According to a letter written by the General to his wife, Bramwell was acquitted because the judge in his charge to the jury said that he believed that Bramwell Booth was justified in thinking that Mrs. Armstrong had sold her child. The puzzling point is how Stead could be convicted by the jury because of the article he wrote, which said that he had bought the child, when he was tried on the charge of abducting her.

There is a sequel to the case. It was afterward proven that Mrs. Armstrong was not really the mother of Eliza. If this had been known during the trial, there would have been no convictions. Eliza was subsequently assisted by the Army. After Rebecca Jarrett's release from prison, she was taken in charge by the Army and cared for by them. She lived to an old age. The Armstrong home was afterward made into a slum post of the Salvation Army, and Eliza's sister's child was the first to be brought into its nursery. The lawyers who instituted the attack against the Army were subsequently disbarred, and the paper which in a spirit of jealousy took up the fight against Stead and the Army lost favor with the people, and had to go out of business.

Now what effect did all this have on the General and his Army? It gave them publicity all over the world, most of it favorable. It let the poor and oppressed and the unfortunate know that they had a

friend who could be counted on, and would stand up and fight for them. For the first time in its history, Queen Victoria, herself a devout, Christian woman, became really interested in the Army. Recognition was won from the Government. Instead of having one or two friends in Parliament, like Mr. Samuel Morley, who was with them from the beginning, the Army now had a score. No longer could magistrates enforce unjust and inhuman laws against them to hamper their work. They had convinced Parliament that they could arouse a tremendous public opinion. They had made influential and powerful friends everywhere. The impetus given to rescue work among fallen girls was tremendous. The Army ceased to be a joke with the newspapers, second-rate lawyers, and wiseacres. It had been plunged into the fire and proved to be refined gold. This incident had been the great acid test of the Army.

In 1886 the Army began work in Newfoundland and Germany, and the General took his first trip out of Great Britain, visiting France, the United States, and Canada. At one time that year, fifty officers said their farewell from the platform of the headquarters in London before leaving for America, Sweden, and India. It should be said, in illustration of the General's keenness of perception, that he anticipated by nearly fifty years an important phase of missionary work. We feel that we have gone quite a step forward, because in the past few years we have put natives in certain positions of control in

China, Japan, Mexico, and India; but almost from the very beginning in India, the Army put the bulk of its work under the supervision of a native convert, who rose rapidly, because of his ability and character, to the rank of Colonel.

In 1887 slum work was inaugurated, and in that year there was a tremendous missionary movement. Officers were sent to Italy, Holland, Denmark, and the West Indies; and work was begun among the Zulus, Kaffirs, and Hottentots.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE DEATH OF CATHERINE BOOTH

AN eye to see; a heart to feel; a hand to work. This is my idea of William Booth. To my mind, these three things are what made him great. They would make for greatness in any man. The eye to see is not as simple as it reads. Ruskin said somewhere that for every ten thousand who could talk there was only one who could see. No wonder the Master spoke about people who had eyes, but could not see. The ability really to see is the thing which makes the difference between mediocrity and genius.

There were lots of preachers in Whitechapel before William Booth went there. All the Churches of any account in England had missions in East London. But Booth saw into people's souls. The day when he first went down the City Road in his preacher-clothes, white choker, high silk hat, and umbrella, and saw the human derelicts washed up about the doors of the saloons, he said to his soul, "Those are the folks I must labor for," and he turned his back upon the respectable people in the chapel, in order to go after these neglected ones.

And he had a heart to feel. Bramwell Booth says

that one of his most cherished recollections is of one early morning, way back in the eighties, when he went to his father's house in Clapham. He found his father in his dressing room using military brushes on his hair with unusual vigor. He had just returned late the night before from a trip. "Bramwell," he cried, "did you know that men slept out all night on the bridges?" Bramwell replied that he supposed it was quite likely; but he supposed a lot of poor fellows *had* to do that. The answer came back flam- ingly, and as a bolt of lightning penetrates a black cloud, the veil was torn away, showing that most blessed of all possessions, the heart to feel, "Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself to have known it and done nothing for them." The son began to explain to him how burdened they were already. His father shook his brushes at him vigorously saying, "Go and do something. We must do something." When the reply came, "That will cost money," the General countered with, "Well that is your affair! Something must be done. Get hold of a warehouse and warm it, and find something to cover them."

Not only was there an eye to see and a heart to feel, but there was a hand to work. I have no doubt that the sight of those unfortunate men sleeping on the stone bridges in and about London not only caused shelter and food depots to spring up, but was the germ of that book, "In Darkest England and the Way Out," which was to come in a year

from the heart and brain of this great man, and startle the world.

Recently there was a statement in the press that in January, 1929, there were 1,500,000 people in England out of work. In 1888, when William Booth began his book "In Darkest England," Mr. Joseph Chamberlain said that there were then between four and five million people who remained constantly in a state of abject misery and destitution. General Booth was content to take 3,000,000 as representing the total strength of the destitute. He prescribed seven "essentials to success" to save these three million. They were as given in his "In Darkest England, and the Way Out":

The first essential . . . is that it must change the man when it is his character and conduct which constitute the reasons for his failure in the battle of life. No change in circumstances, no revolution in social condition, can possibly transform the nature of man. . . .

Secondly: The remedy, to be effectual, must change the circumstances of the individual when they are the cause of his wretched condition, and lie beyond his control. . . .

Thirdly: Any remedy worthy of consideration must be on a scale commensurate with the evil with which it proposes to deal. It is no use trying to bail out the ocean with a pint pot. . . .

Fourthly: Not only must the Scheme be large enough, but it must be permanent. . . .

Fifthly: But while it must be permanent, it must also be immediately practicable. . . .

Sixthly: The indirect features of the Scheme must not be

such as to produce injury to the persons whom we seek to benefit. . . .

It is no use conferring sixpennyworth of benefit on a man if, at the same time, we do him a shilling's worth of harm. . . .

Seventhly: While assisting one class of the community, it must not seriously interfere with the interests of another. In raising one section of the fallen, we must not thereby endanger the safety of those who with difficulty are keeping on their feet.

General Booth was led to select the title of "In Darkest England" by the publication of Stanley's "In Darkest Africa." He found a strange parallel between the misery and wretchedness found by Stanley in the Dark Continent and conditions in England at that time; the only difference was that in England the brutality and suffering was covered over by the artificialities thrown off like a film from the thin veneer of civilization. He says in one place, and it brings to mind the trial of Bramwell and Stead:

The lot of a negress in equatorial forests is not, perhaps, a very happy one, but is it so very much worse than that of many a pretty orphan girl in our Christian Capitol? We talk about the brutalities of the Dark Ages, and we profess to shudder as we read in books of the shameful exaction of the rights of feudal superior. And yet here, beneath our very eyes, in our theaters, in our restaurants, and in many other places, unspeakable though it be but to name it, the same hideous abuse flourishes unchecked. A young, penniless girl, if she be pretty, is often hunted from pillar to post by her employers, confronted always with the alternatives: Starve or Sin. And when once the poor girl has consented to buy the right to earn her living by the sacrifice of her virtue, then she is treated as a slave and an outcast by the

very men who have ruined her. Her word becomes unbelievable, her life an ignominy, and she is swept downward, ever downward, into the bottomless perdition of prostitution. But there, even in the lowest depths, excommunicated by Humanity and an outcast from God, she is far nearer the pitying heart of the One true Saviour than all the men who forced her down; aye, than all the Pharisees and Scribes who stand silently by while these fiendish wrongs are perpetrated before their very eyes.

The blood boils with impotent rage at the sight of these enormities, callously inflicted, and silently borne by these miserable victims. Nor is it only women who are the victims, although their fate is the most tragic. Those firms which reduce sweating to a fine art, who systematically and deliberately defraud the workman of his pay, and grind the faces of the poor, and who rob the widow and the orphan, and who for a pretence make great professions of public spirit and philanthropy—these men nowadays are sent to Parliament to make laws for the people. The old prophets sent them to Hell; but we have changed all that. They send their victims to Hell, and are rewarded by all that wealth can do to make their lives comfortable. Read the House of Lord's Report on the Sweating System, and ask if any African slave system, making due allowance for the superior civilization and therefore sensitiveness of the victims, reveals more misery.

The Scheme which General Booth offered was to put these helpless ones into what he called "self-helping and self-sustaining Communities; each being a kind of coöperative society." We are not surprised that some people objected to his "Darkest England" scheme on the ground that it savored of socialism. Sure enough, it did. It savored also of Christianity. It was, indeed, a revival of apostolic Christianity, when those who believed "had everything in common." General Booth was not a Social-

ist, but if the Socialist had anything which would help the poor, he was willing to use it. He had all the details of his Scheme worked out to the last degree. These "communities" were called throughout the book "Colonies," and he divided them thus, and gave this explanation:

These communities we will call, for want of a better term, Colonies. They will be—

- (1) The City Colony
- (2) The Farm Colony
- (3) The Over-Sea Colony

THE CITY COLONY

By the City Colony is meant the establishment, in the very center of the ocean of misery of which we have been speaking, of a number of institutions to act as harbors of refuge for all and any who have been shipwrecked in life, character, or circumstances. These harbors will gather up the poor, destitute creatures, supply their immediate pressing necessities, furnish temporary employment, inspire them with hope for the future, and commence at once a course of regeneration by moral and religious influences.

From these institutions, which are hereafter described, numbers would, after a short time, be floated off to a permanent employment, or sent home to friends, happy to receive them on hearing of their reformation. All who remain on our hands would, by varied means, be tested as to their sincerity, industry, and honesty; and as soon as satisfaction was created, be passed on to the colony of the second class.

THE FARM COLONY

This would consist of a settlement of the colonists on an estate in the provinces, in the cultivation of which they would find employment and obtain support. As the race from the country to the city has been the cause of much of the distress

we have to battle with, we propose to find a substantial part of our remedy by transferring these same people back to the country; that is, back again to "the Garden"!

Here the process of reformation of character would be carried forward by the same industrial, moral and religious methods as have already been commenced in the city, especially including those forms of labor and that knowledge of agriculture which, should the colonist not obtain employment in this country, will qualify him for pursuing his fortunes under more favorable circumstances in some other land.

From the farm, as from the city, there can be no question that large numbers, resuscitated in health and character, would be restored to friends up and down the country. Some would find employment in their own callings; others would settle in cottages on a small piece of land that we would provide, or on coöperative farms which we intend to promote; while the great bulk, after trial and training, would be passed on to the foreign settlements, which would constitute our third class: namely, the Over-Sea Colony.

THE OVER-SEA COLONY

All who have given attention to the subject are agreed that in our Colonies in South Africa, Canada, Western Australia, and elsewhere, there are millions of acres of useful land to be obtained almost for the asking, capable of supporting our surplus population in health and comfort, were it a thousand times greater than it is. We propose to secure a tract of land in one of these countries, prepare it for settlement, establish in it authority, govern it by equitable laws, assist it in times of necessity, settling it gradually with a prepared people, and so create a home for these destitute multitudes.

The Scheme, in its entirety, may aptly be compared to a great machine, foundationed in the lowest slums and purlieus of our great towns and cities, drawing up into its embrace the depraved and destitute of all classes; receiving thieves, harlots, paupers, prodigals,—all alike, on the simple condition of their being willing to work and to conform to disci-

pline. Drawing up these poor outcasts, reforming them, and creating in them habits of industry, honesty, and truth; teaching them methods by which alike the bread that perishes and that which endures to everlasting life can be won. Forwarding them from the city to the country, and there continuing the process of regeneration, and then pouring them forth on to the virgin soils that await their coming in other lands; keeping hold of them with a strong government, and yet making them free men and women, and so laying the foundations, perchance, of another empire to swell to vast proportions in later times. Why not?

To those who would raise the question as to whether the work could be done, the General sought to give an answer in his book by saying that the Army's first qualification, and it was a prime one, was that it had the mind to do it. No other Church or organization had even thought of doing such a thing. The government, from the days of Elizabeth, has had a Poor Law by which help was in a haphazard way "doled out." We know that today the "dole" is being given to possibly a half a million people in London. At the time when General Booth was writing "In Darkest England," the government was spending £10,000,000 a year in Poor Laws and charitable relief; and it was simply "relief," having to be done over and over, and without settling the problem of poverty. General Booth estimated that if he had a million pounds he could really *settle* the problem.

His second "credential" as he called it, was that he was not approaching the problem in the ordinary way; his reliance was on the help of God. His third

credential was that the Army knew how to deal with the poor from experience. His fourth was that the Army was the only religious body in England founded on implicit obedience to authority, and that it had ten thousand officers scattered all over the world, trained to obey and trained to command. The organization could do the work efficiently, and with a minimum of expense. His plan comprehended not only the taking of the landless man and putting him on the manless land, but taking cast-off men and women, too old to work at ordinary occupations, and putting them out to gather up the waste of the world. Hundreds of men could be supported on the paper, rags, and tin cans thrown away; wood yards and factories could be opened; men could be taught trades. Instead of drifting around as human derelicts in the Mile End waste, they could be taught carpentry, cabinet-making, painting, and other trades. The General's Scheme embraced match factories, brick yards, potteries, toy factories, box factories, saw-mills, schools where engineering, wheelwrighting, and other gainful trades could be taught. He had employment agencies, and even invaded the field of advertising and circular addressing. Think of any work by which a man or woman could earn a nickel and you will have some of the details of this bold and beneficent Scheme. The world was his parish, and every decent business in the world was his oyster, which was to be opened by his Scheme and passed over to the hungry.

It must be admitted that the General had a hard

time writing the book. He was at it for almost two years. In the first place, the Scheme overwhelmed him. The ramifications of it extended everywhere, and he was lost in its mazes. In the second place, the technique of putting a book like this on paper was almost too much for him. He was man of action, and the business of making a book is something which is in a catalog all by itself. When it comes to literature, one finds that it is impossible to serve two masters. From the very foundation of the Christian Mission, General Booth could say with St. Paul, "Daily there is upon me the care of all the churches." As the work grew, the situation became worse. A Captain sent to Edinborough could not spend five pounds on improving the Army property without writing to the General and asking what he thought of it. A corps in Wales could not buy a new drum without asking him about it. Nothing big could be done, no forward move taken, without his personal presence; and the requests for a portion of his time coming in from everywhere simply appalled him. No wonder he had soon found it necessary to get rid of the committees and take the supreme power in his own hands; it was *his* opinion that was wanted. At this time, too, he was suffering tremendously. The worst calamity which had ever come into his life was there before him all the while he was trying to write.

In 1888, when Catherine Booth was fifty-nine years of age, a small tumor, which one of the most skilled surgeons of London, Sir James Paget, pro-

nounced cancerous, was discovered in her breast. He advised an immediate operation. Mrs. Booth's mother, Mrs. Mumford, died of cancer, and Mrs. Booth was opposed to operations. Another eminent surgeon was consulted, and he confirmed the diagnosis of Sir James Paget. Mrs. Booth then asked the doctors how long she could live without an operation. They hesitated to reply, but finally told her that in their opinion it would be from eighteen months to two years. She started home in a cab, kneeling on the floor and wrestling with God. The General was waiting for her at the door of their home. He was scheduled to go to Holland that night. When she told him the heart-breaking news, he started to cancel his reservation, but, brave soldier that she was, she not only insisted that he keep his engagement, but she commanded him to do so; and he went. Her strength failed gradually. As she had a longing for the sea, some friends placed at her disposal a home at Clacton-on-Sea, about seventy miles east of London, close to the mouth of the Thames. The General went too, to be near her and help nurse her. All this time he worked as best he could on his book, "In Darkest England." It is said that his mind was so distracted by the suffering of his loved companion that there were days and days when he could not frame even one sentence. Besides that, he was in agony of soul. He wrote in his diary at this time, "I am sixty years old, and for the first time during all these long years, so far as memory serves me, has God in His infinite mercy allowed

me to have any sorrow that I could not cast on Him." He could not understand the mystery of his wife's suffering; his mind was paralyzed. He wrote at one time, "the great part of the night I had a strong conflict myself with the enemy, and great darkness and heaviness in my heart." And what hours he spent at that bedside, praying with her, comforting her, holding her hand, and whispering words of affection. She suffered incredible torture, and because of her life-long fight against narcotics, she refused to take the injections of morphine which doctors always give cancer sufferers. The only relief from the red-hot, biting scorpions of pain came in those hours when her husband sat by her sleepless bed through the long night watches, pressed her hand, and whispered words of affection and love. They were lovers just as truly as they had been when he had led her, a brown-eyed girl of twenty-four, to the altar. For thirty-six years they had stood hand in hand and faced the world. They had fought the wolf of poverty together. They had never doubted for the fraction of a second one another when the world questioned them. They had stood up before howling mobs in the same carriage or on the same platform, and become targets for the same sticks and stones. Here were two people who not only loved but honored each other. And they were loving and loyal down to the gates of death.

The suffering of this good woman, which she endured with all the resignation of a Christian martyr, is too horrible to be detailed. Suffice it to say

that finally an operation was resorted to, but it was too late, for the dread disease had in that time spread too far.

Those who have seen Delaroche's striking picture of "The Death of Queen Elizabeth," will remember that the virgin queen is shown on her deathbed, lying not on a bed, but on the floor of a room in her palace, propped up with pillows. The haggard face of the queen has tragedy written in every line. There is an air of gloom about the whole picture which speaks of grim despair. It is said that in these last days Elizabeth would throw herself from one bank of pillows to another, as if even a slight change would ease the suffering of her body and the pain in her brain and the hunger in her heart. Those who attended her said that she was constantly repeating in Latin, "*Mortua, sed non sepulta!*" "Dead, but not buried!" She told those near her that she was "tired—tired of reigning, and tired of life."

The reign of Elizabeth was called "The Golden Age of English History," and it was a wonderful age; full of poetry, luxury, brilliance, adventure, and even fabulous wealth. It is said that no English ruler was ever so popular or received so much praise. It was an age of brilliant men, and they vied with each other in paying her compliments. Spencer wrote his "Faërie Queen," as he said himself, "to extol the glorious person of our sovereign Queen," and it will be remembered that he virtually apotheosized Elizabeth, comparing her to the Godhead. Shakespeare wrote "The Merry Wives of Wind-

sor" for her amusement, and in "The Midsummer Night's Dream" he called her "the fair vestal in the West." She lived in an atmosphere of gorgeousness, pageants, plays, and feasts. Scott gives us an idea of this in "Kenilworth." And yet, while she ruled like an absolute tyrant, and all power was placed in her hands, she died like a broken-hearted pauper. It is said that four days after she died she was completely forgotten.

Now compare the last days of Elizabeth with the last days of Catherine Booth. Elizabeth lived a selfish, sinful life, caring only for the power she could wield despotically over others. She had millions, never had a want in the world that could not be supplied instantly, if money could buy it; and the great men of the world were at her feet. Catherine Booth lived a life of poverty, and sought to help men and women instead of tyrannizing over them. She suffered tortures for two years physically, but there was a great peace in her mind and heart. Her deathbed became a shrine; her family and friends gathered there and received strength. It was an altar at which men and women reconsecrated their lives. Bramwell Booth says that Stead, who had from his first meeting with her made Mrs. Booth one of his heroines, used to come out to Clacton, kneel by the side of the bed, and pour out his soul to God. The doctors were right. In about two years the death angel came and bore her away.

We have tried to think of some other woman who has influenced the world as much as this

woman. We conjure up queens, saints in the Roman Catholic calendar and in the Protestant; we think of women who have taken part in great social movements; we remember that great, wonderful soul, Susannah Wesley. Many daughters have done excellently, but to our mind Catherine Booth excelled them all. She died on Saturday, October 4, 1890, at five in the afternoon. That night the telegraph wires carried the news of her death to every corner of the world. Her body was taken to London, and lay in state in the Olympia Hall, one of the city's largest buildings, where, on October 13, 36,000 people passed the turnstiles, and thousands of others had to be shut out. There was an Army funeral, and on the fourteenth, through the crowds, up Queen Victoria Street, past the Army Headquarters, the Royal Exchange, through Shoreditch, past Dalston, and up Kingsland Road, the funeral procession passed and entered Abney Park Cemetery, where the committal service took place. The General made the concluding address, finishing with these words:

My comrades, I am going to meet her again. I have never turned from her these forty years for any journeyings on my mission of mercy but I have longed to go back; and have counted the weeks, days and hours which should take me again to her side. When she has gone away from me it has been just the same. And now she has gone away for the last time. What, then, is there left for me to do? Not to count the weeks, the days and the hours which shall bring me again into her sweet company, seeing that I know not what will be on the morrow nor what an hour may bring forth. My work plainly is to fill up the weeks, the days and the

hours, and cheer my poor heart as I go along with the thought that, when I have served my Christ and my generation according to the will of God—which I vow this afternoon I will, to the last drop of my blood—then I trust that she will bid me welcome to the skies, as He bade her.

God bless you all, Amen!

At the conclusion of his address, the General knelt beside the coffin, and affectionately gave its lid a farewell kiss; then the body of this saint of God was put into the earth to await the resurrection of the dead, when these poor bodies of our flesh shall be changed into bodies celestial. After Stonewall Jackson was killed at Chancellorsville, his commander, Robert E. Lee, said that with the passing of Jackson he had lost his right arm. With the going of Catherine Booth, William Booth lost his right arm.

CHAPTER XIX

THE WEAVER'S SHUTTLE

IF it had not been for W. T. Stead, it is likely that "In Darkest England" would never have made the impression it did. Stead took the marvelous mass of data, which, though valuable, was unorganized as literary material, and made a readable book out of it. He was a great help to General Booth; it is possible that sometimes the General did not realize what a help he was. Stead served three months in Holloway jail in the Purity Agitation, and came out of it somewhat broken in health, but still a champion of righteousness.

"In Darkest England" was published one month after Catherine Booth died. In January of 1891, the General started on a visit of the Army's work in South Africa, India, Australia, and New Zealand. In February, three months after the publication of "In Darkest England," £108,000 was subscribed to the Scheme, and the General publicly signed the Darkest England Trust Deed, at St. James Hall, London. In May the Industrial and Land Colony was started at Hadleigh, Essex, the place where Anne Boleyn was imprisoned by Henry VIII before her execution. The Hadleigh Colony

was one of the first new projects to be opened up, as comprehended in the General's Scheme.

When, in 1865, William Booth began preaching to the outcasts along the Mile End Waste in Whitechapel, his gospel of salvation was greeted by some of the denizens there with a shower of soft mud and hard brickbats. But the world moves. One can see signs of progress everywhere. In the twenty-six years which had elapsed since William Booth went to Whitechapel in a white choker and a beegum hat, with his message of salvation, England had changed in its attitude toward him. The publicans and sinners restrained their brickbats and billingsgate, and no longer did they call him a "bounder" and a "fool." But now those higher up were hounding him. Of course, they were not throwing material missiles at him; that would have been too common and ordinary. But they were hurling innuendoes, and they were calling him "charlatan" and "grafter"; such men as Tyndall, and Huxley, and Dean Plumptre of Wells, and the followers of the atheist Bradlaugh. The followers of Bradlaugh swore in 1887 that they would kill Booth when he came to Northampton, and in the riot that followed the procession which Booth led from the railway station to the town they came pretty near doing it, for the whole march was assaulted with "sticks, belts, knives, soot, flour, and eggs." That the sticks and knives did not do their work was no fault of those who failed to get close enough to the General to use them.

Now the followers of Bradlaugh joined with the respectables and deluged him with calumny. Bradlaugh was especially mean. Of course, he was thoroughly out of tune with the music played by the Salvation Army. He had absolutely no sympathy with it, and he attacked it in speeches and in written articles. He implored people to hesitate before giving William Booth a nickel; and a great many people listened to him. He regarded every cent given to Booth as being used to build up an organization which he compared to the mendicant monks of the Middle Ages, and to the Mad Mullahs of Mohammedanism; and what money was not spent in propagating what he regarded as a bad case of religious hysteria, he believed was unlawfully appropriated by William Booth to feather his own nest. That Tyndall and Huxley should have adopted such opinions is more surprising. Mr. Huxley ought to have been heartily ashamed of himself. Posing as a great scientist, claiming to have the scientific mind, which does not draw a conclusion until all the evidence is in, he jumped to a conclusion in this case. He eagerly accepted baseless rumors and letters from backsliders who had been in the Army and left it, and he built up his case with suppositious evidence which could not have stood ten minutes in a courtroom. On the other hand, he rejected the sworn statements of certified public accountants who audited the books minutely, and the testimony of reputable people who made personal investigations. Of course Huxley hated religion,

and, while he professed horror of the Corybantic variety, as he labeled the Army brand, it is not of record that he cared any more for the cold and critical type given out by Dean Plumptre at Wells.

On the other hand, men like Archdeacon Farrar, Westcott, the Bishop of Durham, and Cardinal Manning, approved of the Scheme, and some of them were getting people to contribute to it. Queen Victoria expressed her cordial good wishes. Of course, the unjust accusations of dishonesty of diverting to his own use funds which had been given for his Scheme of social redemption, hurt the General, but they did not hold him back. Like Farragut at Mobile Bay, it was a case of never mind the torpedoes; "full speed ahead." He was working now as never before.

By September of that year, 1892, nearly £130,000 had been subscribed to the fund. This was the report of the committee headed by some of the leading men in England, one of them being president of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, who had examined the books and all the records of the Army. It was shown that the funds given for the social work were used for that purpose entirely, and that the spiritual wing supported itself. Some members of the Booth family received a salary from the spiritual branch in which they were working. Mr. Booth himself received nothing from either side; he lived upon a small income settled on him by a personal friend. Mr. John Cory, a business man, advised him to keep the *War Cry*, which was first issued

December 29, 1879, as his own property. Starting with a circulation of over 20,000 copies, and growing by leaps and bounds every year, this publication would have made him a rich man. And there was no reason against his keeping it; but he refused to do so, turning the proceeds over to the Army. Beyond the endowment from a friend, which enabled him to live without want, General Booth steadfastly refused to take personal gifts, in some cases greatly offending some good people who wanted to give him large amounts. William Booth's father, who was of the "grab and get" type, according to the son, was a horrible example to him all his life, and made him realize the truth of the Scripture, that the love of money was the root of all evil.

In order to finance his social schemes, the General needed £30,000 a year. Huxley and others did all they could to keep this annual income from coming in. Part of the Scheme was a failure, and perhaps this opposition was one of the reasons. Another reason for failure lay in the fact that there was only one General Booth. If he had been a hundred men instead of one, we are sure that the Scheme would not only have succeeded as he planned it, but that it would have practically solved the problem of poverty all over the world. But one man could not do everything. Years ago a good deal was said about the Colony in eastern Colorado, at Amity, near the Kansas state line. Not long ago I was riding on the Santa Fe, going west. Toward evening we came to Amity. I asked the conductor, who

lived in that region, the reason for the failure of the Salvation Army Colony there. He told me that it was due to improper drainage; that the Colony, which had been planted on a level below the foothills, was almost washed out in rainy seasons, and that the ground became waterlogged. In his book the General stipulated that before the location for a Colony could be chosen, competent engineers should go over the ground. If that had been done in this instance, the Colony would have been placed elsewhere. Wherever the Scheme failed, it failed because of the lack of some one with the ability of William Booth to see it through. However, its failure in some places was no reflection on the great heart which gave it birth.

For the next fifteen years, from 1892 to 1907, the General was toiling terribly; his life was like a weaver's shuttle. During that time he was traveling in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Australasia, the Holy Land, Germany, and South Africa, visiting some of these countries two and three times. As far as England was concerned, he traveled enough to be a commuter out of London. He was holding International Congresses, sending out officers to Japan, Iceland, Panama, Java; making motor campaigns up and down England; starting a life insurance company; a bank; launching life boats; writing books and publishing them; and starting continually new divisions of the Salvation Army work. And remember that he was doing this life-time's amount of work in fifteen years, between the ages

of sixty-three and seventy-eight; and he was preaching, too, on an average of twice a day. It is said that John Wesley preached 40,000 sermons, and traveled in his lifetime 250,000 miles. William Booth preached probably 60,000 sermons in his lifetime, and for every mile Wesley traveled, Booth traveled twenty. Of course he had the advantage of faster transportation than Mr. Wesley, who journeyed on horseback.

In 1901, when he was seventy-two years of age, he wrote from the Continent back to his son in London this significant paragraph:

It has been a trying campaign in consequence of the severe heat. Still I cannot say that I am conscious of being particularly worn down, although in the 28½ days I have been away I have traveled 150 hours, written five articles for the press, and done a heavy correspondence and delivered 47 long addresses, sometimes talking for an hour and a half at a time, and sometimes longer than that. For an old man of 72, not strong as the strongest, I think this affords matter for thanksgiving, and for satisfaction with the new system of diet I now have been using for the past six months.

In spite of the fact that the whole world was putting in a bid for his time—and at that time he was probably the busiest man in creation—he never forgot his family. When word came that his sister was dying in Nottingham, he closed up all his business and took the first train to get to her bedside. She was very ill, and had to be operated upon immediately. He stood by her through this trying ordeal, and later, while her life ebbed away, he took her hand in his, prayed with her, and gave her spiritual

consolation, saying in a voice laden with emotion, "Mary Newell, enter into heaven, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

A short time before, the General had conducted a campaign at Nottingham. It had had a splendid effect on this sister, for soon afterwards the corps secretary in a note for the *War Cry*, wrote, "At night there was a great smash, and ninety souls came to the penitent form, prominent among whom was the General's surviving sister, and a niece, which gave the General much joy." So it was no mere feeling of brotherly love which led him to pronounce those highly comforting words at her bedside.

CHAPTER XX

SEVENTY-SIX AND GOING STRONG

IN the fall of 1902, when the General was seventy-three years of age, he started for the United States and Canada. The trip was to be a very strenuous one, with speech-making, interviews, and the calling of sinners to repentance. When he should get back from these two countries of magnificent distances—countries which it would tire a man of seventy-three just to travel over in a Pullman car—he said that they had a long list of other countries for him to visit, “a staggering list,” and then, half in irony and yet grimly, he remarked, “They must expect me to live forever.” The Founder had a great deal of sorrow in his heart at this time. His sister had passed away and some of his children had broken with him, going their separate ways. It may have been that he was a little hard on them, but if he had not enforced the same rules in dealing with them as with other officers he would have been accused of favoritism, and this would have brought discord into the ranks. Years before he had written to one of his children, “I am General first, and a father afterwards.” If there was any defect in his home life it was right there.

Even in that far-off Victorian age, there was in many homes the same problem we find so widespread today: the problem of understanding and interesting the children. The complaint is made today that men do not play enough with their children, and consequently do not understand them. It has been said that Mrs. Booth never played with her children: she kept them clean and washed their clothes; she instructed them in religion and in book-learning, but she never played with them. William Booth *did* play with his children, whenever the world let him have a night at home; but from the time his children began to grow up, his life was packed full from morning to night. He was preaching every night, holding conferences, and writing letters and articles all day long. There were many journeys to be taken also. It was an exceedingly busy household. A man who is driven by outside affairs cannot often give enough study to his children to understand them. An interesting event in the life of Commander Evangeline Booth, his well-beloved baby girl, illustrates this point.

While they were living in Hackney, the Booths had a regular menagerie in the back yard; rabbits, birds, and silk-worms; and cats and dogs running loose. Eva had a favorite dog named Nelson—probably named after the old Admiral—and the retriever was very fond of this small girl of five. The Booths were always taking in down-and-outers to help them along, and they had recently brought into their household an old charwoman. This newcomer

did not know of the affection existing between the dog and the little girl, and, being enraged at some childish prank, she struck Eva. Immediately the dog bit her. The old woman made such a commotion about it that the dog was ordered shot. Eva was heart-broken, and her father, thinking to console her, ordered the hide made into a rug. Added heart-break came to the child when she saw her beloved dog made into a rug. Her outcry wrung the heart of her father. He plucked nervously at his black beard, pleaded with her not to mind, pushed the rug out of sight, and commanded that it be taken away. Here is the picture of a man who wanted to do the right thing, who loved his child, and yet, not understanding the little heart, hurt instead of comforting it.

There is this much to be said, these children saw the solid gold in their father and mother. It is a testimonial of the character of the parents and the children alike that they *all* entered the work of the Army; and although three of the children eventually left it because of a difference of opinion concerning doctrine or administration, yet there was a spirit of love and admiration for the parents which nothing could diminish.

Soon after one of his children left the Army Booth wrote: "My precious, blessed children have helped me. It is true that one or two have fallen from my side; but I love them, and they have fallen to come back sooner or later. I say my children have helped me; but the Salvation Army does not belong

to the Booth family: it belongs to the Salvation Army. So long as the Booth family are good Salvationists, and worthy of commands, they shall have them, but only if they are. I am not the General of the family; I am the General of the Salvation Army. And when the flag falls from my grasp, I will do the best I can to insure another taking it up who shall be beyond the old General as the new and young are believed to be better than the old."

In writing to his grand-daughter, Catherine, he said, "I tell the people in my lectures every time that three of the eldest of my twenty-eight grand-children have begun to preach, and that I intend the remaining twenty-five shall, if I can rule them." It is interesting to note that at least seven of these grand-children are mentioned in "Who's Who in the Salvation Army, 1929," and there is a notation that two of Commander Booth-Tucker's children are officers; so nine at least are accounted for, and there may be others, as "Who's Who" does not list all officers.

Early in 1903, the General was the guest of the late Mark Hanna, then United States Senator in Washington. Senator Hanna had never seen the General, but had always admired him. He prepared a dinner for him at the Arlington Hotel, as elaborate as if it had been prepared for the President of the United States. Fifty of the most prominent men in Washington were invited, among them Vice-President Fairbanks, Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court, Senator Hoar, Senator Cockerell of Mis-

souri, and Uncle Joe Cannon. It is said that with the exception of the President, every highly conspicuous figure in public life in Washington at that time was present. When, at the close of the dinner the host, Senator Hanna, rose to speak, he was much embarrassed. He introduced General Booth in a weak way, and the atmosphere at the dinner party was as cold as the zero weather which was beating against the window panes outside. General Booth was tired, embarrassed, his voice was husky, and he spoke in low tones. His opening words could not be heard, and there was a feeling of depression all around. Then one of the Senators at the end of the table called, "Louder." This gave the General the shock he needed. Snapping back, "Oh, I can shout if necessary," he plunged into his subject with animation. His eloquence and earnestness instantly became magnetic, and his hearers, case-hardened against oratory, for they indulged in the same commodity themselves, were soon captured; and presently the General had them, as they say down South, "in a weaving way." When he sat down, the zero weather in the room had gone up to 90 in the shade. Senator Mark Hanna, usually callous as far as sentiment was concerned, could not find a handkerchief, so he picked up his napkin and wiped away his tears. "The meeting was then thrown open for testimony," as they say in the Army, and these great men who went to the banquet, not only without a thought of making a speech, but with a cold and critical attitude, got up and said things that

were surprising even to themselves. It was a wonderful tribute to Booth's earnestness and native eloquence.

The General, next day, met President Roosevelt, and they enjoyed each other as only two strong, dynamic men can. There was not only a great deal of admiration for the American people in the heart of this man, but a great deal of affection. He liked their breeziness and the wholesouled way in which they did things. He even preferred American newspapers to the English, at which one can hardly wonder, for during most of his life some of the leading English papers were far from generous in their dealings with him. When his "Darkest England" Scheme was being launched, the London *Times* took a great deal of delight in finding fault with him. Often he used to say, before opening a newspaper, "Well, what have I done now? I know I'm a culprit, but let's see what it is." When the papers did report his meetings, it was without enthusiasm. He said the American papers in their reports "were remarkably striking and religious; far more Salvationary sensational than many that appear in our own papers." As to the public meetings held at that time, it was said of some in New York, "If the invitation had been given, half the people would have had to rush out to the mercy seat."

And yet, this grand old warrior, seventy-four years of age, was going a long, long way, and doing a tremendous amount of work with little fuel. At Senator Hanna's banquet he refused all of the

tempting dishes, and made a meal of bread and milk. At this time, he wrote to his son Bramwell from the United States, "My eating is a great trial. I get awfully tired of the misery that seems to follow almost every meal. I eat less and less, but I must eat something." For the last decade of his life, this frail man lived mainly on toast with butter, tea, and simple desserts like rice pudding, or a baked apple.

In 1903 the Army built a home for the General at Hadley Wood, near the residence of his son, Bramwell. He refused to accept it as a gift, and insisted on paying for the cost, and giving 4 per cent interest. He was hard at work directing affairs at Headquarters and paying visits to Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, and France. All the while he was conscious of an aching void in his life, for his beloved wife was no longer at his side to comfort and cheer him. He mentioned her often in his letters and in his journal, and we notice here and there entries which show the terrible mental depression with which he was afflicted. In his younger days he had for the wayward and wandering sons of men that superhuman love which seemed infinite in patience. He could suffer the double dealing and the base ingratitude of men he was trying to help—suffer long, and be kind; but now he seemed at moments, although only momentarily, to crack under the strain. He said in one place, "Trying to make men good is indeed a weary, disheartening business. I wonder why God has not given the world up long go." In writing to his

daughter, Eva, he complained, and justly, against the burden of work that was all but crushing him: "I have about twenty articles to write before I leave for Australia. They work me like a beast of burden—or harder still!" However, there were two reasons for this: one was that nobody could take his place and do the work one half as well as he. The people wanted to see General Booth and hear him, and follow his counsel; they were not interested in subordinates. The other reason was partly his own fault. He usually felt that if one wanted a thing well done he would have to do it himself; and while he committed a good deal to his son Bramwell, there were not many people whom he trusted implicitly. We find also a notation that three days after he returned from his American campaign, in March, 1903, he "agreed upon a program for this year concluding with India, and if possible Japan." "I suggested India in September, then Japan; coming home by the States. Thought this very desirable, if possible. Information as to steamers, etc., to be inquired about."

On his seventy-fifth birthday, he made these pertinent observations concerning the years of his pilgrimage: "How soon it seems to have passed; what little enduring work has been done; how brief in affairs is seventy-five years alongside of eternal ages; how much is crying out to be done."

On October 28, 1903, he was almost prostrated when he received word that his daughter, Emma, the wife of Commander Booth-Tucker, had been

killed in a railway accident in the United States. Yet he repeated the last words of President McKinley, "This is His way. His will be done."

In 1904 this man who was diligent in business was called to stand before kings. King Edward VII requested an audience, and received him at Buckingham Palace. This was on June 24. He was busy with his work until nearly the time of the interview. He inspected Strand Hall, a temporary building put up for the meeting of the International Congress of the Army, which was to open the next day. After making a minute inspection he washed his hands in a workingman's bucket, straightened himself a little, and took a cab for Buckingham Palace. It is interesting that Edward VII, who never had much of a reputation for piety, gave General Booth an audience without the General's solicitation. On the other hand his mother, Victoria, who was painfully good, gave on the whole very little comfort to the Army in her day. Victoria's letters to Mrs. Booth are dignified, and with no warmth for the movement which was redeeming and blessing her subjects. The only explanation is that Edward VII knew what was going on in the world, and therefore appreciated the Army; while Victoria never had her eyes opened to the blight of sin and wickedness all around her. It was, I think, on this occasion that Edward with a smile asked Booth how he was getting on with the Churches; whether they opposed him any more; and the reply, "Sir, they imitate me," set the King to laughing.

In August of 1904 an automobile campaign, something unique for that time, was inaugurated. The automobile was rather new in England in 1904; in some of the provinces it was still a curiosity. Partly for this reason, and partly because it would make accessible so many small towns that the Army could not otherwise reach, and make them independent of railroad schedules, Booth selected this means of transportation. The General could count upon three large indoor meetings a day, and how he did love to preach! His average speaking time on these motor tours was five hours a day. Moreover, he was passing through streets and lanes lined with thousands of people who thronged to see him. Considering the number of people reached, inside and out, the tours had the advantage of being economical, as a large party made up the motor caravan.

It wasn't all easy sailing, however. Automobiles in those days were not as mechanically perfect as they are now, and there were numerous and exasperating break-downs. The Founder rode in an open car, the wind troubled him, and the roads were rough; the springs were not very good, and he had joltings a-plenty. He was not being carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease, even though a motor was somewhat of a luxury in those days.

He wrote while on the trip: "I nearly killed myself on Saturday and Sunday at Birmingham. For some cause or other both throat and head got wrong, and it was with difficulty I could frame my sentences or pronounce my words, and yet I had

to meet the great opportunity that presented. I am paying the price today in weariness extreme. There is hardly a bone in my body that does not ache, or a nerve that does not seem overstrung. But I shall rally and be myself again; indeed I must, for things of vast importance have to be attended to before the day is out. Our exchequer is empty, and I have to prepare for my autumn campaign in Holland, Germany, Italy, etc."

It is said that through lanes where John Wesley rode his horse, General Booth went in his beflagged car on the same errand. Nearly one hundred and fifty years separated them, but the man on horseback and the man in the automobile had the same mission, that of spreading scriptural holiness all over the land. General Booth made six motor tours, traveled at least 10,000 miles in that way, and preached two and three times a day on these tours for six weeks at a stretch, reaching tens of thousands with the simple gospel.

In 1905 the General set out in March for Australia, going by way of the Holy Land. One of the things that impressed him most was the Wailing Place of the Jews by the walls where Solomon had his temple. He thought it one of the most pathetic scenes he had ever witnessed, and though the people were standing, it was like one long "penitent form," where there were broken hearts and flowing tears. The General enjoyed Australia, which is like an overseas England; and on his return to London, in November, he was given the freedom of the City

of London, which is about as great an honor as any Englishman can hope to receive. In replying to the speech in which the Lord Mayor conferred this honor upon him, he said one thing which deserves special notice:

“Forty years ago, when it commenced in the old burial-ground, to which reference has been made, it was then that I consecrated myself and my wife and children and all I possessed to labor for the benefit of the poor and the outcast. I resolved that their God should be my God, and their people should be my people.”

CHAPTER XXI

DEATH COMES FOR THE GENERAL

A FEW days after receiving the freedom of the city of London, General Booth went to his native city of Nottingham, where he had played as a boy, and as a young man had preached on the streets; and where in the hour of trial he had found it impossible to secure work to enable him to support his mother and sister. And now he was receiving the freedom of the city! The crowd was tremendous in the streets and in the hall. He made this revealing note concerning the presentation in Mechanics Hall: "I was much fettered in speaking." Later in that year he went to Switzerland and Germany. In Germany there had been persecution formerly, and the German police had given the Army much trouble; but now it was all changed. When he got off the train in Cologne he was received by the authorities, and ushered out of the station to the street, through the Kaiser's private subway, where a crimson carpet was spread for him.

In 1906 and 1907, the General spent a great deal of time trying to found a Colony in Rhodesia, South Africa. He was, as usual, doing a lot of traveling,

and in 1907 he made a trip to Norway, Denmark, and Sweden; then to Japan, returning via Canada and Seattle. He was in England that year, and received his D.C.L. at Oxford. Lord Curzon, who was the Head of Oxford, and who was to confer the degree for the University, wrote to him, saying it was probably one of the few honors he would be willing to accept, and that he hoped to have the privilege of setting the seal of the University "upon the noble work that you have done, and are continuing to do, for the people of all countries—a work excelled in range and beneficence by no living man." Mark Twain received his D.C.L. degree at Oxford the same morning; a pair of strong, gray giants they were at this time. The Founder was in the United States that fall.

In 1908 he was again hard at work on his Rhodesian Colony Scheme. He had agitated this for two years. In May, 1905, an emigrant ship bearing Salvation Army colonists had left England for Canada. Earl Gray, the Governor General of Canada at that time, declared that the Colony there, numbering over 3000, was a great success, and a real contribution to Canada's future. The Founder was anxious to try the same experiment in Rhodesia. Had Cecil Rhodes been living at that time he might have succeeded. Rhodes visited the Hadleigh Colony in May, 1898, and was most favorably impressed. An incident of this visit to Hadleigh is worth repeating.

Coming back from the Colony to London,

Rhodes, Lord Loch, who was very prominent in political circles, and very wealthy, and the Founder were in a compartment together. There were rumors that trouble was brewing in South Africa, with Rhodes as the instigator. The Founder put his hand on Rhodes's arm and said, "I want to speak to you about yourself. You are a man with much depending on you now. Tell me, how is it with your soul?" Rhodes bowed his head sorrowfully, and said it was not so well. And then the Founder asked if he could pray for him. Rhodes agreed, and they knelt together in the train, while a prayer for the salvation of Cecil Rhodes's soul went up.

It is to be regretted that Rhodes was not sufficiently in earnest to be converted right in that train compartment. The Boer War broke out the next year, largely through his intrigues. He could have stopped all the bloodshed that followed. Perhaps one of the most unhappy men in all England during the Boer war was William Booth. He deplored war at all times, and he undoubtedly felt deep sorrow because the prayer he had uttered on the journey back from Hadleigh had not fallen on fertile ground. Rhodes died in 1902, dreaming only of British supremacy in Africa, and giving little thought to his own soul or the souls of his fellow men. William Booth found the same spirit among too many of Rhodes's disciples in South Africa. They were pleasant enough to him on the surface, but he met with a great deal of underhanded opposition. In public they were diplomatic, and gave him hearty

welcome. They would speak of his great work in England, but never once would they mention what was closest to his heart: the Rhodesian Scheme. He went to South Africa in August of 1908, interviewed government officials at Johannesburg, Bloemfontein, Pietmaritzberg, and other places. He began to detect the secret opposition, and finally one paper in South Africa let the cat out of the bag in an editorial:

But the social elevation, or the spiritual conversion of the boozy scum of a European nation may not be advanced at the cost of the well-being of our own people. We protest most earnestly against that at once. It does not matter whether he has fixed his eye upon Rhodesia or the Kalahari Desert—these lands belong geographically to South Africa, and we need them for its own peoples. True, we have plenty of territory, even for others who may wish to come and settle amongst us, and wish to be with us. But we have no room for the “submerged tenth” of any other nation whatever.

When this apprehension came from under cover, the Founder made it very plain that he was not dumping the “submerged tenth” anywhere, and that only those who had been tried and tested were sent to the Colonies. For instance, the 36,000 who went from England to Canada repaid all of their loans within five years. Not only was the Rhodesian Colony, in his mind, a means of helping the colonists, but he saw these Salvation Colonists helping the natives of the country.

In England he spent a great deal of his time with government officials, trying to interest them in putting the landless men on the manless land. For in-

stance, in one week he visited Lord Rosebery, Asquith, Lloyd George, Lord Crew, Lyttleton, Balfour, Campbell-Bannerman, and others high up in the English government at that time. He went from one to another, and several times to some of them. He was trying to get the loan of £100,000 from the Government on condition that the South African Colony and some others furnish £150,000, for an additional experiment. Government officials gave him much encouragement, and so did Dr. Jameson, the man who, it was said, precipitated the Boer War. However, he got no money; and one of the fondest schemes of his heart was never realized. Of course, the Army has a great work in Africa. There are Salvationists in Nigeria, Kenya, and South Africa. They are especially strong in South Africa, preaching in 465 towns. If government officials and the rich had only played fair with the Founder, a great religious and social force would have been placed in Rhodesia, which probably would have revolutionized that country.

After his trip to South Africa, in August and September, 1908, the Founder came back to England, as serious eye trouble was discovered: cataracts were forming on both eyes.

On November 11, he went to Nottingham, and there a specialist told him that one eye was already in need of an operation, but that he had better wait to have both eyes operated on at the same time. On December 16 this was done in London. As he went to the operating table he said to the

doctor, "All right; I am in the hands of God and you." The operation was a temporary help, although not a complete success.

In March 1909, Booth went to Norway. He also visited Denmark and Sweden. He made a flying trip to these countries, being received by the King in each case. He was back in England early in April, and on the sixth of the month had an interview in Buckingham Palace with the Queen. He was still hard at work on his Rhodesian Scheme, despite discouragements and the burden of much work at Headquarters and his eighty-odd years. He was sleeping little, eating very little, had no appetite, and most of the time suffered intensely. He had to undergo another operation on his eyes, out of which he came partially blind.

In 1910 he was once more on the road, visiting the Scandinavian countries, Holland and Germany. In spite of all his suffering, he wrote in his eighty-first year these significant lines in his journal:

Bramwell walked down to the station with me, talking business to the last—indeed until after the train was in motion. How crowded our lives are with perplexing problems and hard work no one outside our circle can form any conception of, and all continually made more difficult by the feeling that we are so far behind the requirements of the hour.

In 1911 the condition described in the last chapter of Ecclesiastes was working out in the body of this remarkable man. The "sun and the light and the moon and the stars" were darkening, and the clouds returning after the rain. The keeper of the



GENERAL EDWARD J. HIGGINS
Present Commander of the Salvation Army

house was trembling, and the strong men bowing themselves. There were fits of giddiness, lapses of consciousness, which the specialists pronounced brain exhaustion. Nevertheless, as soon as an ounce of strength came back he was hard at work for the Army, making speeches, trying to interest Marie Corelli in the Army, interviewing General Botha of South Africa on the Rhodesian Scheme, preaching in Scotland, conducting red-hot salvation meetings in Holland, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, and even Italy, where he was received by the Lord Mayor of Rome. As far as the public speaking was concerned, his bow was still abiding in strength. At the conclusion of his lecture in Rome, it is said that a well-known Roman judge sprang up and poured forth his thanks and enthusiasm in a perfect torrent of eloquence. General Booth returned to London to take a leading part in the Army's International Social Council; and then, at the conclusion, he made another high-pressure motor tour through England.

But the next year, 1912, was the beginning of the end. In the latter part of January, that year, he fell while going down stairs in his home, striking his head. A number of sleepless nights followed. However, during the latter part of February, he went to Holland, and held meetings until March 8. On the tenth day of April he wrote in his journal:

Eighty-third birthday! It seems almost incredible, but there is the remarkable fact; and, poorly as I am, on and off, everybody considers it next door to a miracle that I should

be so young and energetic and capable of so much work, and even so many other things. All I can do is to praise God for His mercy, and try to put my days to the wisest, holiest, and best purpose for the benefit of my fellows that I possibly can. The meeting at night was considered to be a very remarkable one. I have seldom heard Bramwell express as much gratification, but I cannot say I was particularly pleased.

The meeting the General refers to was a Congress of officers stationed in London. Nearly a thousand of them were present. This gives one an idea of how the work had grown; instead of a solitary man preaching outside of the Blind Beggar saloon in Whitechapel, there were more than a thousand officers in London alone carrying out his ideas.

During this time he was greatly concerned for the men and women in the prisons all over the world. They were constantly in his thoughts, and he was always pleading with his own workers and with the government officials to do something for them. As far as the Army was concerned, it was helping those who came out of prison, but was not having the chance to work with them in the prisons as it should have had. This worried the old warrior.

The General's last public meeting was on May 9. On that day he spoke to 10,000 people in Albert Hall, London, and told them, "I am going into dry-dock for repairs." In this valedictory address, he reviewed his love for the poor, and told how he had always yearned to help them. He was glad, however, that he had not gone into politics, either as a Conservative or a Radical, a Socialist or a Labor-

ite; then his help would have been merely temporary. But adding to this desire to help the bodies of men an overmastering passion for the salvation of their souls, he gave them something which put them on their feet in this world, and put eternity in their hearts.

On May 2 there was another operation performed on his eyes, in his home at Hadley Wood. In spite of competent surgeons, good nurses, and great care, infection set in, and total blindness resulted. He was in much pain, and he chafed at the enforced idleness. Like Paul, he felt that it might be better for him to die, and be forever with the Lord. He would then be with his dearly-loved wife, whom he had missed every moment from the hour of her death; and he would be with his daughter Emma, whom he had loved dearly. In his last conference with his son Bramwell, he showed that the ruling passion of his life—helping the helpless—was strong even in death. Homeless men and homeless women and homeless children—“The homeless children, Oh, the children! Bramwell, look after the homeless. Promise me!” And he was concerned for China. He begged his son to get the money and the men, and send them to China. In response to this request the Army opened work there in 1916.

He was confined now most of the time to his bed. For three or four days before his death he could speak only with the greatest difficulty. He said haltingly to his son, emphasizing with his hands almost every word, “The promises—of God—are

sure—are sure if you will only believe.” Begbie says that these were the last words with any consecutive meaning. From that time on there was little more than ejaculation. Very near the end he said to Bramwell with a smile, “I am leaving you a bonnie handful.”

On August 20 he died at thirteen minutes past ten at night. It is a coincidence that the night before Catherine Booth died a terrific thunderstorm broke over the house in which she was at Clacton-on-Sea. The afternoon of the death of William Booth a terrific thunderstorm broke over the house in which he lay in Hadley Wood. As was the case of Elijah, their spirits went to heaven on chariots of flame.

CHAPTER XXII

"GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH ENTERS INTO HEAVEN"

"Unto This Last"

FROM August 25 to 28, the body of this Christian hero lay in Congress Hall, London. Sixty-five thousand people joined in the sad procession which formed to look for the last time upon the face of the man who loved them as only a brother can love, and who loved the world as well. On the twenty-eighth there was a memorial service in the Olympia, perhaps the largest hall in the British Empire, which was attended by 38,000 people. The next day the Founder's body was borne through the streets of London, going by the way of Victoria Embankment, passing the Mansion House, and following the route taken by the funeral procession for Catherine Booth in October, 1890. There was a procession of Salvationists, 10,000 strong. In certain sections of down-town London the streets were crowded with multitudes standing with bared heads to do him reverence. So great was the crowd on the streets that men climbed to the tops of buildings to view the procession as it went by. All traffic in the center of the great city was stopped

for two hours. One would have imagined that it was the funeral of a king; and indeed it was: a king among men; for when William Booth died a prince and a ruler in Israel fell. The mighty ones in authority might have done themselves honor by suggesting that the proper place for his body was Westminster Abbey. It would have been an honor to that resting place of kings and princes and poets, warriors, authors, scientists, and reformers; but I am sure that if William Booth had been asked in his lifetime where he wished his earthly body to rest, he would have had but one answer: "Beside the body of my loved one in Abney Park." There his body was placed, but his spirit was in the skies.

Like St. Paul, William Booth had one great life-purpose: the salvation of souls. He longed to save the whole world. Every act of William Booth's life, whether it was interviewing men to help the poor, writing articles for the press, making speeches, or something else, was directed to this one object: the salvation of souls.

May God give us a portion of William Booth's spirit. May we love men, and may we strive earnestly to give Christ to the whole world. My purpose in writing this book is to stimulate the desire to serve; it would be sacrilege to write a book on William Booth and not have as the great aim of that book the blessing of the souls of men. We MUST get this message; and in order to do so let us consider some things in conclusion.

The author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street"

said that General William Booth told a leading English statesman that what he needed was to be converted; and the author, commenting on the unusual incident, said, "and he was right." Solomon said years ago, "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings." General Booth did not only stand before kings, but, what is more unusual, he knelt with them and prayed for them. Perhaps there is no greater test of a preacher's spiritual conceptions than the attitude he takes in dealing with the high and mighty. It is easy enough to preach to the poor and lowly, but most of us seem to think that the great ones of this earth are beyond the need of what the poor *must have* in order to be saved. It was all simple, natural, and unaffected in the case of William Booth. His zeal for God made him see in a King or a Premier simply a soul that must some day stand before the judgment seat of God, and give an account of the deeds done in the body. And the people he prayed with recognized his sincerity, and his genuineness. We know of no other preacher who made it a point to preach salvation to royalty—whether it was a King or a Queen in England, a King in Sweden or Denmark, or any other country.

A few years before he died, the Founder made a visit to Canada. In Ottawa he was the guest of the Governor General of Canada, Earl Gray. The night he was leaving, the Governor had a long table full of distinguished men and women at the palace for dinner: prominent government officials, business

men, army officers, with their wives. When Booth came into this distinguished company to say "Good-bye," they were still at the dinner table, and after he had shaken hands with the Governor and his wife, he said, "Let us pray." All the guests got down on their knees, while flunkeys in scarlet livery with service trays in their hands stood petrified with the astonishment which only an English butler can show. Earl Gray's daughter, in telling of the incident, said that when they got up from their knees her father exclaimed spontaneously, and loud enough to be heard by all, "Wasn't that a beautiful prayer? I think it was the most beautiful prayer I ever listened to." And the immense earnestness in his voice, and the spiritual expression on his face showed that he meant every word of it.

Once Booth was placed by chance in the compartment of an English train leaving Paddington Station, with Margot Tennant, then a young leader of English society, who was hesitating between two powerful suitors, one named Balfour and the other Asquith. She finally married Asquith. This was the first time they had ever met, and the first word he said to her was, "God bless you. May you make a wise choice." As she was preparing to leave the train, he put his hand on her arm and said very earnestly, "Before you go can we not have a little prayer?" And they knelt in the compartment of that swaying train, while he prayed. Arising she said, "General, I see now the secret of your power.

I know why you have myriads of followers. You believe what you preach."

He visited, by invitation, Queen Alexandra at Buckingham palace, and the Dowager-Empress. What did they talk about? Religion. He told of his work, and cited the case of a man going into a public house who heard the Army singing a hymn on the street, who halted, and instead of entering the saloon followed the Army to the hall, and was "saved." Here the queen with a wondering look on her face said, "Saved! That's what we all want." To many of us religion is a side-line; we think of God only in our spare moments. Religion was his vital breath and his one concern.

No wonder that on his eightieth birthday he wrote:

Sixty-five years ago I chose the salvation of men and the extension of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ as the supreme object for which I would live and labor. Although that choice was made in my early youth, in much ignorance of the world and of the religious needs of those about me, still, it was not arrived at without much thought and some information; and that purpose is still, and will be to the end, the object which has shaped and mastered the thoughts, ambitions, and activities of my whole life.

From the hour of my first prayer-meetings in one of the cottage homes of my native town, down to the present moment, that object has been the governing principle of my life. The adornments and flowers and music and other pleasant things connected with religious services have all been secondary to efficiency in the search for that object, and success in attaining it.

My hourly usage with regard to every effort I put forth has been to ask myself: "What does this action contemplate? What will it achieve? Can it be improved upon?" I believe I can say that every conversation and prayer and song and address and meeting I have had a hand in have been valued in proportion to their ability to promote the realization of that great purpose.

Some men in trying to account for Booth's wonderful success attribute it to his organizing ability. It will be remembered that Lord Wolseley, a great English soldier, said in General Booth's lifetime that he regarded Booth as the greatest organizer in the world. The Salvation Army has a remarkable plan of organization. It has ramifications almost everywhere, and touches the life of its soldiers and officers in things spiritual just as the nervous system extends itself in the physical body. Harold Begbie, on the other hand, credits General Booth with little organizing power, giving that honor to his son, Bramwell. Perhaps the truth lies between Lord Wolseley and Begbie, and the fair thing to say is that while General Booth had a generous share of organizing ability, much more than that of the average man, his greatness was due to other qualities.

He was not a great preacher. He was a *convincing* preacher; what we would call in this country a "powerful" preacher. But considered from a homiletic standpoint, his sermons would not pass muster in a theological seminary. There were no long-drawn-out polished and balanced periods; but when he stood back of the speaker's stand on the platform, he was like Vulcan behind the anvil, forging

pointed thunderbolts. And his sentences *were* thunderbolts, and they wrought destruction in the ranks of sin.

He was not a scholar. Like Shakespeare, he had little Latin and less Greek; but again, like the immortal William, he was myriad-minded, and he knew what men and women lived by, and he thought the thoughts out of which books are made. He could hold his own in a conference with Bishops and scholars of the Anglican Church containing the sacraments and deep doctrinal questions, and of polity; he could come out of a conference with Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, Asquith, Rosebery, Gladstone, and Cecil Rhodes, on social and economic questions, with their admiration as well as their respect

One secret of his greatness was his sympathy and his unaffected love of mankind. He never could have gotten very far if his love for those slum-dwellers had not been genuine. It is interesting to conjecture how far a Behaviorist would get with his teaching in the lowest part of White Chapel. A Behaviorist telling these people that their "god" was their stomach would be teaching them nothing new, for they recognize no higher law than a command from the visceral stimuli to pour down another drink; but whether this confirmation in preaching of what they already believe would help them any we have very serious doubts. Could it make a murderer confess his sins? Could it make a thief turn honest; a drunkard become sober; a harlot become virtuous;

a wife-beater become gentle and considerate? Could it take the hopelessly bad and make them joyfully and triumphantly good? That was what William Booth did, and so many and so astounding were the marvelous transformations wrought in depraved and hopeless lives that hard-headed, thinking men—editors, members of Parliament, great leaders—all regarded Booth's work as almost miraculous. He was able to do it because he believed what he preached, and because what he preached was true and had an eternal dynamic back of it.

The Wise Man spoke of an extraordinary man who had "placed the world in his heart." General Booth was such a man. He had no personal or selfish ambition to become the founder of the Salvation Army, great as that organization is. We doubt if the man has ever lived who had a more limitless but holy ambition. The dying patriot said he had "France engraven on his heart." Some missionaries might have written "China," some "Japan"; but William Booth longed not only for the conversion of England and Scotland, or France or India; he would have liked to reach out his long arms and gather in all the wayward and wandering sons of men in *every* nation, and press them to his heart. In his last years he often spoke of this great yearning; and then he would walk up and down nervously and stretch out his arms and say, "Oh, if they would only let us save them." He felt the sufferings of others more than his own. He used to come in con-

tact with manifestations of sin in all its "damnable, primitive ugliness." "He would cry over the crippled boy beaten within an inch of his life by a drunken father." He suffered for frail women who endured the assaults of brutal husbands. It cut him to the quick to see little children made virtual slaves by a heartless commercialism. It wounded him to the soul to hear starving children crying for bread. And it was no idle sympathy. He felt it so keenly that it disturbed him. When he was past eighty, blind, and suffering in body—that frail, weak, under-fed body—they brought him eggs one morning, and he refused to eat them, saying bitterly, "They bring me eggs, and right now children are starving in London." I do not suppose there was ever a moment in his life, from those days in Nottingham, when the cry of hungry children disturbed him as a boy, to his last hours, when he lay on his deathbed, that he lost his interest in little children. A few days before his death, he called his son, who was to be his successor, to his side, and said, "I want you to promise me that when my voice is silent and I am gone from you, you will use such influence as you may possess with the Army to do more for the homeless of the world. The homeless men, mind! I am not thinking of this country only, but of all lands. The homeless women—ah, my boy, we don't know what it means to be without a home. The homeless children; oh, the children! Look after the homeless." And then, begging his son to send the gospel to

China he said, "I have been thinking again about the world as a whole. I have been thinking of all the nations and people as one family."

William Booth was not a demigod. He had his faults. In his youth he was ambitious. As a boy of fourteen he was attracted to the Chartist movement, not only because he had a great deal of sympathy for the poor, but because he too would be an orator. He liked the excitement of public meetings, and envied the position of the speaker, who could stand on the platform, the object of all eyes, and sway the meeting with his eloquence. At about this time he told a boy companion in Nottingham, "I intend to be something great. I do not intend to belong to the commonalty." In a letter written by Catherine Booth before her marriage, she proved that she saw through this element of worldly ambition, even though it meant to Booth nothing more than unusual success as a preacher, and she wrote, "Beware how you indulge that dangerous element of character—ambition."

His autocracy has been much commented on, and perhaps he had some of the traits of the autocrat such as all strong men have. A good deal of criticism of this sort rose out of the fact that he took the Salvation Army so completely into his own hands; but he was obliged to do so, as we have seen. The ruling passion is strong even in death; Napoleon, dying at St. Helena, closed his tempestuous and colorful career with the words, "*Tête d'armée*,"—"Head of the Army." Napoleon, as long as he

was on the field, was the Head of the French army, but no more so than William Booth was the Head of the Salvation Army. Perhaps this was a defect in William Booth, as some insist; at any rate, he made no bones about his headship; he admitted it. Perhaps he was arbitrary in giving orders, and in removing officers from their commands and sending them from one country to another. His army not only embraced the Methodist itinerant system, but it was a military organization, and the same rule that he applied to others applied to his own children. He was “the General first, and the father next.”

It is said that he had fits of temper; the way in which in his young manhood he once threw a book on theology, which taught a limited atonement, across the room, is recalled. Instances are recited in which he gave officers a severe reprimand; and it is said that even in public meetings and in public interviews, he sometimes grew a little too testy and said cutting things. He did not have the placidity of John Wesley, even though Wesley became angry at times; but there were moments when Booth was like Martin Luther, and would throw a bottle of ink at a devil's head wherever he saw it. Perhaps, if he had been less vigorous some of the difficulties he faced because of dealing with incompetents would never have been surmounted.

They say he was mercurial, and that he would go from the deepest depths of gloom to the heights of hilarity in a moment. It is well known that he

suffered tortures from indigestion all his life, from boyhood to old age. How he managed to live so long is a mystery. He was a periodical sufferer from neuralgia; and if anything can reconcile a man to sudden death it is that ailment. And yet, in the midst of severe pain from indigestion and neuralgia, he would throw himself into his work and forget all his pains. In this way he forgot his gloom; and while he made many enemies in his periods of gloom and suffering, he won those who saw that he never harbored resentment, and did his best to forget in a short time whatever was unpleasant. Others did not like him because he was "non-social." He refused to be lionized. Society people who like to capture a celebrity and exhibit him at a pink tea, not only bored him, but exasperated him. He refused, as a rule, to attend such functions. When he went to India on his first trip, some of his officers had planned a long series of receptions with the higher-ups in English officialdom, and with the leaders among the Indians. Booth indignantly destroyed these schedules, saying that he refused to spend all his time with governors and rajahs. "Where are my meetings with the poor of India?" That was his first question after reading the program they had arranged for him.

It is not to be expected that William Booth would please everybody. This writer recalls an objection against Booth made to him when he was an officer in the Army. A young preacher just out of the theological seminary and feeling his own intellectual

importance said that it argued ill for Booth that he lived in the same age as Charles Darwin, and yet did not accept Darwin's theory of evolution; that he had his doubts as to William Booth's intellectual greatness. However, he was not alone in that, for William Booth himself had doubts as to his own intellectual greatness, and the secret of his success was that, like St. Paul, he did not trust in the flesh. Although this young man did not know it, Mr. Darwin had some doubts himself, for in a letter written in the last year of his life to a friend, he confided them: "But then with me the hard doubt always rises whether the convictions of man's mind, which has been developed from the mind of the lower animals, are of any value or at all trustworthy. Would any one trust in the convictions of a monkey's mind, if there are any convictions in such a mind?" Another objection this young preacher voiced was that "the Army makes too much of Salvation, and doesn't emphasize the social message. They don't work for social reform." The Army does make a lot of salvation, but at the same time it has done more to change the social status of the very poor than any church in Christendom. It has also influenced legislation, as we have seen, in forcing an unwilling Parliament to raise the age of consent. And the Army has preached both individual and social gospel in a saner way than nine tenths of the preachers. When a preacher gets a view of a social gospel he often forgets the individual. Booth and his Army managed to emphasize both, and preserved

the balance better, and got more results, than any aggregation of preachers we know of. The social gospeller and the individualist see their side only: the Army sees both, and sees sanely.

One hundred years ago! And his memory still lives and his influence abides! In his lifetime, from boyhood to old age, William Booth did not change much in his character. Most of us cannot retain our boyish enthusiasm when we get a little older; life grows stale. But the same beautiful enthusiasm which he had as a boy in Nottingham, when, six hours after his conversion, he began to win souls for Christ, continued with him to the last. His native honesty and his fundamental purpose never wavered. In a remarkable way this has been true of his work also. When he stood all alone in front of the Blind Beggar saloon in Whitechapel he saw the worst of men redeemed. Drunkards, harlots, libertines, thieves, gamblers, murderers—all were saved by the preaching of the cross. The best answer of those who argue for that blight of materialism, the mechanistic gospel, is William Booth. The mechanist says that a man cannot change his conduct; William Booth said that a man could, and he proved it, for the lowest of men became saints; miserable, neglected, unhappy men became supremely happy; a dead life was put off, and men and women walked in newness of life. With the spread of the Army this wonderful transformation in the life of men and women spread all over the globe, and the work is still going on.

I have in my hands a book which tells something of the Army's activities in 1928. I find that in all lands where they are preaching the gospel miracles are being performed. For instance, a boy runs away from his Texas home and goes to South America. He returns, fails to find his relatives, becomes discouraged, and is on the verge of committing suicide when he hears the Army singing, and is converted. The daughter of a village devil-dancer Hindu in South Travancore, is deemed possessed of the devil by her parents. She goes to an Army meeting and is converted. In Canada, in Australia, in Ceylon, in Sweden, in Scotland, in Belgium, in Denmark, in Japan, drunkards, dope-fiends, criminals, are all brought into newness of life through the preaching of the spiritual children of this man. And what an "Army" they make! When this glorious Founder died in 1912 his workers were active in fifty-eight countries, now they are organized in eighty-three, and are preaching the gospel in sixty-seven languages. In 1912 there were 9,415 corps and outposts, and now there are 15,517. When he died there were 15,988 men and women ranking as field and social work officers, or in training; and today there are 24,513; while 9,214 persons without rank are wholly employed. Local corp officers number 105,034. There are nearly 43,000 musicians in the Salvation Army bands. In all the world there are 122 different Salvation Army periodicals, which have a circulation of total copies per issue of 1,908,650.

We have seen William Booth returning to his

London home late at night heart-broken because he has seen men and women sleeping out on or under bridges. His order was to get some kind of a shelter for them immediately. Because of this incident the Army maintains 340 shelters, food depots, and hotels for men and women capable of accommodating every night 35,443 persons. There are 210 homes, work shops, and wood yards, which in one year help a million men. His heart was with the children, and today there are 100 homes for children, accommodating over 5,000; with ten day homes, and twenty-four industrial schools. One of the things which worried William Booth in his later days was that the English government hindered the work he wanted to do with the unfortunates in prison; but at last his prayer has been answered, and there are now sixteen homes for prisoners, accommodating over six hundred, where men are helped to their feet after coming out of prison. And this concern for prisoners was no mere late-day sentiment. When he went to London as a boy of nineteen, Booth's first letter expressed his deep desire to go to Australia as a chaplain to convicts.

It is a far cry from that one man standing up in Whitechapel, all alone, without a friend and without a farthing, to the spiritual children glad to call him "Father" who are scattered all over the world. Men and women are preaching the same Gospel he preached among 100 nationalists, among Africans, Argentines, Australians, Austrians, Basutos, Belgians, Bermudians, Boers, Brazilians, Singalese,

Czecho-Slovaks, Danes, Dutch, Finns, Germans, Hottentots, Hungarians, Icelanders, Irish, Japanese, Javanese, Kaffirs, Malays, Mexicans, Nigerians, Norwegians, Poles, red Indians, Swedes, Telugas, Welsh, West Indians, Zulus, and others too numerous to put down.

He knew the sufferings of women; the injustice inflicted on them and the economic burdens they bore. He was anxious to help them, and today there are 112 industrial homes for women, capable of helping in a material way more than 7000 in a year. Besides this there are 79 maternity homes, which accommodate annually more than 16,000.

We know that his "Darkest England" Scheme did not come up to his expectations, because of the difficulties placed in its way by others and the incompetence of those appointed to carry out the work. Some of the Colonies failed, yet throughout the world there are twelve farms where men are helped to economic independence. The charge is often made that the Army is becoming too respectable, and that they are not going after the poor; and this in face of the fact that they maintain 176 slum corps in the worst sections of the world. There are hospitals, homes for inebriates, labor bureaus in every part of the world, making social institutions numbering 400.

William Booth deplored war. He saw the Boer War coming, and in a swaying railroad train prayed with Cecil Rhodes. If Rhodes had yielded to the Holy Spirit, William Booth's prayer might have

averted the Boer War. When it did come on, William Booth was broken-hearted, but the Salvation Army soldiers did a gracious work of ministry in that war.

When the World War horrified the nations, there were thousands of Salvationists in the ranks of the English army, and many were driving ambulance trucks and ministering in the hospitals. When America entered on the side of the Allies, Commander Evangeline Booth stood alone in her quiet study as the shades of evening fell, and, looking at the picture of her sainted father on the wall, felt the call of duty. She borrowed \$25,000 as a starter—millions were to be spent later—and sent Colonel Barker over to France to look over the ground; and she personally selected the lads and lassies who were to have such an influence afterwards not only on the American army but on the world.

From the time that lassie made the first doughnut at Montier, in many a place in the Gondrecourt area, the Toul, Montdidier, Baccaret sectors, in the Château-Thierry-Soissons drive, in the St. Mihiel and the Argonne, Salvation Army lads and lassies were ministering spirits. Forced into poor huts, and often into dugouts, they won the hearts of the army from private to General, because they were true to their traditions inherited from William Booth, and loved mankind unfailingly. The boys voted them "regular people," and believed in them. They did not trim, and they preached in the front-line trenches the gospel they preached on the streets of New

York, "Ye must be born again." The boys came to them for spiritual advice and prayers. They refused to handle cigarettes, and held no doubtful entertainments. But day and night, hot or cold, in rain or snow, at high noon or in the trenches at three in the morning, they were passing out hot coffee and doughnuts, and a word of cheer. The lassies were a mute reminder of mother and sister at home. They mended the clothing of the boys, and reminded them to write to mother.

The work of these devoted and consecrated lads and lassies in the war reduced to kindling the seat of the scoffer, and the Salvation Army came out of this greatest cataclysm in history with a glory that any organization might well be proud of. It raised them in public estimation to a position of great respect, and commanded admiration.

There were 80,000 Salvation Army members fighting in the ranks of the Allied armies—there were no slackers. There were 77 motor ambulances manned by Salvationists, which transported 100,000 wounded soldiers from the battle fields. There were 45 chaplains under Government appointment, some serving in France and some in the United States, for the Salvationists were at work everywhere. In addition to the chaplains there were 1,507 Salvation Army officers, men and women, devoting their entire time to religious and social work among soldiers and sailors. There were 300 rest rooms and 199 huts for religious and social gatherings. This is just a fragment of the work done. "The War Ro-

mance of the Salvation Army," by Commander Evangeline Booth and Grace Livingston Hill, tells the story in an entrancing way.

But the biggest thing William Booth left to this world is the heritage of his fine example. He loved men; he loved women and little children; and he loved God supremely. He exerted such a profound spiritual influence that his name will be as ointment poured forth when the angel of God puts his foot on the earth and blows the last trumpet.

Right now we need a man like this to combat the deadly materialism which has come into the world. In the spirit of that old colored man who knelt before the tablet to Booth's memory in the chapel of Nottingham where Booth was converted, we pray reverently and firmly for a man of General William Booth's devotion and spirit to come to us, saying "Lord, do it again."

When William Booth was in this country on his last trip he spoke in St. Louis. The largest auditorium in the city was secured, and it was packed to capacity. He spoke for over an hour, giving a very interesting story of his life. He told of his birth, his struggles as a boy, his preaching on the streets of London, his seven years as a Methodist preacher and evangelist. He then told of going to White-chapel when every one else had neglected that place, and starting without any human aid his work to rescue the lost. From one man standing in the midst of that spiritual wilderness, the work had grown

until it now covered the whole world. He told of the countries in which the Army was laboring, gave the number of officers and soldiers, and gave an interesting description of the social work. The vast audience was interested, but nothing special had been done for them, and some felt that perhaps the General was talking too much about himself. The meeting lacked that spiritual glow which usually attended his meetings.

But suddenly he drew himself up to his full height, and, throwing out in a dramatic way his right hand, he pointed his index finger. It seemed to many as if he were pointing directly at them. He looked like an Old Testament prophet standing there with his tall, majestic form, his flowing hair, and his long, white beard. And a prophet he was, for he could call men to righteousness and he could speak the words which would lead to a resurrection and a life for backslidden and lukewarm souls.

The dramatic intensity which suddenly electrified that audience reminded them in a startling way of the prophet Amos standing before the listless and materialistic nation where every man was going his own way, with none deeply concerned for the work of God. They were concerned for their own welfare, but not for the house of God and the Kingdom of God. The whole atmosphere of the meeting changed in a second. The air was electric. Men and women gripped themselves tensely. There was a deathlike stillness; and then, in a voice quivering

with emotion and spiritual intensity Booth thundered out, "That's what I've done with *my* life; what are you doing with *yours*?"

He was an Amos, standing at Bethel in the might and majesty of Jehovah, and changing a materialistic mind, for some had gone to hear him out of curiosity, into a heavenly one. In that God-inspired moment he, like Amos, used the heavenly plumb-line to measure the dangerous leanings of an Israel which had put up on insecure foundations a dangerous edifice. His words were like an electric shock which passed mightily through the frame of the idle and indifferent. His question leaped as a flaming sword. Without doubt the Holy Spirit was clothing him with power, even as the Apostle Peter in that first sermon after Pentecost. Instantly there was a great searching of souls; and hundreds came to the altar in penitence, vowing that they would consecrate themselves to God and do something with their lives.

That is the type of a man he was; a man who was a master of assemblies, and who could, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, electrify a cold and critical audience; a man whom poverty and physical infirmity and the opposition of men could not keep down, because he "went in for God" heart and soul.

THE END

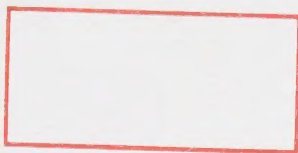
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